

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE long travail of Parliament ended at last on Monday. The only noticeable feature of the last day's proceedings was the notice given by MR. JACKSON on behalf of MR. SMITH that next Session the Government will propose a shortened Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne, in the hope that "a simple expression of the thanks of Parliament" may lead to a greatly shortened debate. If this means that a stop will be put to the rambling and irrelevant discussion of every conceivable topic, as a preliminary to the entrance on the real work of the Session, most Liberals will welcome the step. But if the intention is to suppress any real debate on the Address, and to prevent anything like a review of the conduct of Ministers during the recess, we can only say that the change will be stoutly resisted on the Opposition benches. Much will depend upon the manner in which the Speaker interprets the new rule. MR. PEEL is the custodian not merely of the order of the House, but of the rights of private members. He will betray his trust if he lends himself to anything like a suppression of the debate on the Address, though he will only be doing his duty if he supports the Government in an attempt to get rid of irrelevant discussion.

IN the last moments of the Session a fruitless attempt was made to obtain some redress from the Irish Government for what seems to have been a very gross and scandalous outrage upon justice. A MR. GILL, who is, we believe, the architect of "New Tipperary," was charged before the usual tribunal with assaulting a policeman. The "assault," according to the showing of the prosecution, was nothing more than that MR. GILL had jostled the policeman in passing him in the street. Yet for this offence, which MR. GILL himself denied, that gentleman was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour, besides being called upon to find sureties for his good behaviour. Such a sentence will strike most Englishmen as being simply atrocious in its wickedness. Here is a man of respectable position and good character who, having jostled a policeman when passing him, is forthwith treated as a wife-beater or pick-pocket would be in England. The collision, according to MR. GILL, was accidental; but even if this were not the case, no London magistrate would dream of sending the most hardened rough to prison for such an offence; yet MR. BALFOUR's removables, backed up by MR. BALFOUR himself, have treated this (possibly accidental) jostling of a policeman in the streets of Tipperary as an offence so heinous, that for having committed it MR. GILL must bear the stigma for the rest of his life of having been sent to gaol as a common criminal.

THE lull which has suddenly overtaken political affairs throughout Europe is disturbed only by speculations as to the nature of the communications which have been passing during the week between the Emperors of Germany and Russia. Very little has been allowed to transpire regarding their meeting. Even the ceremonial part of it has been veiled in comparative privacy, and for once the German Emperor has not lived in the light of the daily Press. Perhaps on this occasion it was all the better that his meeting with a fellow-sovereign should be as free from excitement as possible. There are many

monarchs in Europe, but there is only one Czar. The EMPEROR WILLIAM has been in conference this week with a ruler whose power has not been transferred to Ministers or Parliaments, or even to mobs. It was very necessary that when discussing grave affairs affecting the peace of Europe with such a person, the young Emperor should be free from his besetting temptation to over-emphasise his opinions. So far nothing is known of the results of the meeting, though appearances all favour the idea that the encounter of the two Emperors will strengthen the peace party in Europe.

THE diplomatic correspondence between LORD SALISBURY and MR. BLAINE on the question of the Behring Sea fisheries does infinitely more credit to the former than the latter. It is not merely that LORD SALISBURY has the overwhelming weight of argument on his side. If that were all, Englishmen might, perhaps, be led to suspect that they were unconsciously influenced in their opinion of the merits of the dispute by their own national prepossessions. But, over and above the advantage in argument, LORD SALISBURY has unquestionably the advantage in tone and spirit. His despatches are worthy of the best traditions of the English Foreign Office, and give no ground for even the most susceptible American to feel aggrieved, unless it be at the manifest superiority of the English diplomatist to his American colleague. Finally, in offering to submit the whole question in dispute to arbitration LORD SALISBURY shows at once his confidence in the English claims, and his desire to leave the matter to be settled on strictly equitable grounds. It is not often that we can give unreserved commendation to the diplomacy of LORD SALISBURY, but we are sincerely glad that we can do so in this case.

SIR THOMAS UPINGTON, giving expression to what seems to be the universal feeling in South Africa, has made a vigorous protest against the action of the Home Government in treating with Germany on the subject of Walfisch Bay without consulting the authorities at the Cape. As the resolution on the subject which SIR THOMAS UPINGTON has moved has been met with an amendment by MR. RHODES, the Premier, which practically goes quite as far as the original motion, there is no doubt that the Cape Parliament will formally express its dissatisfaction at the manner in which the Anglo-German Treaty has been concluded. That unfortunate instrument, it is clear, is not likely to please anybody in the end. There seems to have been some peculiarly grave default on the part of the English Government with reference to the manner in which the Walfisch Bay part of the agreement was arrived at.

THE *Standard* announced on Thursday the completion of the agreement between England and Portugal, regarding the territorial questions in Africa. The result of the negotiations seems to be more satisfactory to this country than has been the case in the French and German agreements. The free navigation of the Zambesi has been secured, and English possession of the Blantyre Highlands is acknowledged by Portugal. We may now hope that the delimitation of Africa is for the time at an end. The work of giving reality to the arrangements that have been concluded on paper remains to be accomplished.

It will be strange if in that work our explorers and men of business do not show to greater advantage than our diplomatists. Perhaps the most curious fact in connection with the enormous transactions in diplomacy which have just been concluded is the omission to say one word about Egypt. And yet more depends upon our occupation of Egypt than upon all other African questions combined.

POOR DHULEEP SINGH has made formal acknowledgment of his sins, and, having received the forgiveness of the QUEEN, is about to return to England to end his days here in peace, let us hope. It is not an edifying story, that of England's connection with the heir of the old Lion of the Punjab. We have treated him with kindness, liberality, and forbearance—from our point of view. But none the less is the sense of grievance on his part real and well founded. Perhaps it is a mistake when a man is beaten, and falls into the hands of those whom his ancestors regarded as natural enemies, to try to soften the pain of his downfall by smooth words and rich largesse. It cannot be said, at all events, that the experiment has answered in the case of the Maharajah, who now creeps back to England, a spent and broken man, to acknowledge that, for such as he, her might is irresistible.

THERE is too much reason to fear that the potato disease in a very bad form has attacked large districts in the West of Ireland. One estimate places the probable potato harvest in Donegal during the present year at not more than a half or a third of the usual yield. Probably this is an exaggeration; but it is unquestionable that the disease is widely prevalent, and that it must cause serious distress. There is a certain degree of hopelessness in connection with Irish agriculture that cannot but affect the popular judgment in presence of disasters of this kind. After forty years of varying fortunes, vast masses of the people of Ireland are still dependent almost entirely upon the culture of a single root, and its failure in any season means that the people are left without resources of their own, and with no hope of succour save that which may be held out to them by the Government. Ministers, we may rest assured, will not be found wanting in this respect. Indeed, in the closing days of the Session, MR. BALFOUR showed himself eager to meet the demands of the Irish members for material assistance in the congested districts, and the danger consequently is rather of too lavish an expenditure of public money than of anything like parsimony. The political consequences of a potato famine, if one were to occur, would be serious and far-reaching. Distress in Ireland has generally, for the moment, stilled political agitation; but it has never failed to stimulate it after the acute stage of suffering had passed away, and we may confidently anticipate this result in the present case.

A CASE suspiciously like one of Asiatic cholera has occurred in London, the patient being a seaman on board a vessel just arrived from Calcutta. Though, as we pointed out last week, there is not the slightest reason for anything like panic, it certainly behoves all concerned to see that our house is set in order in anticipation of a possible outbreak of the dreaded scourge. Whilst the people of London drink the water of the Thames, polluted by the refuse of a score of towns and hamlets, and whilst many parts of the East End are still in a condition that is disgraceful to the sanitary authorities, we cannot pretend to be quite easy on the subject of a cholera epidemic. There is, however, no reason to think that, under any circumstances, cholera will again assume a serious character in this country. The lessons which were taught by previous visitations have not been in vain.

ONE of the strangest cases of prison-breaking on record was heard before the Tavistock magistrates on Tuesday. A coloured man named DENNY was charged with attempting to break *into* Dartmoor Convict Prison. He had served a long term of imprisonment at Dartmoor, and had, during his confinement, acquired a passionate hatred of the chief warder. It was for the avowed purpose of killing this man that he broke into the prison; and even when before the magistrates, he made no attempt to disguise his feelings and intentions. We cannot say whether there was any justification for the man's frenzy of rage; but remembering all that may go on inside a great prison like that at Dartmoor, we must express the earnest hope that DENNY's story will not be allowed to go unheeded by the Prison Commissioners. Indeed, for the sake of the official whom he threatens, there ought to be a strict investigation. Some years ago a prisoner under sentence of penal servitude murdered a warder whom he accused of treating him with barbarous cruelty. When he was committed for trial, he stated that he knew he would be hanged, but at least he would be able to expose the system which prevailed in the particular prison in which he had been confined. On his trial he pleaded guilty, and when called upon to say why the death sentence should not be passed upon him, he began to read a carefully-prepared statement detailing his wrongs. Will it be believed that the judge refused to listen to him, and that the poor wretch who had given his life for an hour's free speech, was sent to the scaffold unheard! A scandal like that must never happen again.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent. The change was entirely unexpected. The 5 per cent. rate had existed only for three weeks, and it was generally supposed that it would be maintained for the rest of the year: firstly, because we are now so close to the autumn, when money goes out in such large amounts to the English provinces, Ireland, and Scotland as to raise rents in London; secondly, because it was believed that large amounts of gold would have to be sent to Buenos Ayres and Madrid; and thirdly, because there is no probability at present that gold can be obtained either in New York or upon the Continent should it be required. Apparently, however, the Bank of England directors are of opinion that the gold they have attracted from New York during the past month or so has so strengthened their reserve that they need not be apprehensive about it any longer. Possibly they may know that the fears of the Market that gold will be withdrawn in large amounts are unfounded, and they also may have reason to believe that they can obtain the metal by-and-by if they require it. As a matter of course, the reduction of the rate has sent down the value of money in the Outside Market.

THE reduction of the Bank rate caused a general rise in prices upon the Stock Exchange. It came quite as a surprise, and it was welcomed as an intimation that, in the opinion of the directors of the Bank of England, the danger of difficulties on account of the troubles at Buenos Ayres and Monte Video has passed. It was also taken as a proof that the Bank of England was now so strong that a stringency in the autumn is not to be dreaded. Even before the change was made there was a decided increase in speculation. Particularly there has been a marked rise during the week in silver and silver securities. The price of silver at the beginning of the week went up to 54d. per ounce, and rupee paper, South Austrian railway securities, and the stocks and shares of Mexican railway companies all rose in consequence. Home railway stocks have likewise had a general rise, and all departments are better than they were. There has, however, this week been less doing in the Market for South African gold and land shares than last week.

THE LESSON OF THE SESSION.

THE Session of 1890 with its unexampled and irremediable failure on the part of a once-powerful Government is now a thing of the past, and Ministers have taken themselves and their humiliating consciousness of defeat and disgrace away from the scene of their troubles. Let it not be supposed that this marvellous downfall of theirs exists only in the imaginations of their opponents. Is it not proclaimed aloud by their own most faithful friends and supporters? "It is, we think, the first time in our history that a strong Government has failed to carry even one great contested measure on which the majority had deliberately resolved," wails the *Spectator*, and the other Ministerial journals which are not mere hacks echo the lament. Impossible to be denied, impossible to be glossed over by anybody more keen-witted than Lord Hartington (who professes to think it after all no great matter), is the failure of Ministers to carry a single item worth mentioning in the programme with which they began the year. Never within the memory of living men has an English Government fallen so low as that which still clings limpet-like to the rock of office. Time was when on a memorable occasion a great Parliamentary leader described the Liberal Ministers who still sat on the Treasury Bench as a row of extinct volcanoes. If the same brilliant wit were alive and able to speak to-day, he would describe the Tory Ministers of the hour as a set of impostors who have been found out. Their tricks have been played so badly that they have been played in vain. Starting with everything in their favour, so far as the Parliamentary game was concerned, they have ended in hopeless humiliation without having scored a single point.

What is the meaning of it all? How comes it, for example, that even after having dropped all their contentious Bills, they were compelled to force the Estimates through Committee with the most scandalous disregard, not only of the rights of private members, but of the interests of the nation? It is all because of obstruction, we are told. If the Opposition had not been malignantly bent upon abusing the forms of Parliament in order to prevent a great and good Government from carrying its measures, we should have had a rich harvest of legislation to reckon up to-day, instead of finding ourselves with absolutely empty hands. And, having given this explanation, those who give it are now turning upon our Parliamentary institutions, and trying to make them responsible for the disasters which have overwhelmed the Treasury Bench. One journal goes so far as to suggest that, after all, debate in Parliament is now an anachronism, which may as well be got rid of formally. Whilst another, mourning over "the pain of the Session," declares that "never was there a public assembly much more fatally injured, much more seriously degraded, much more thoroughly paralysed, than the assembly of which only ten years ago every Englishman was so proud." That the character of Parliament has fallen off in recent years we fear we must sorrowfully admit; but we would respectfully remind our Ministerial colleagues of one significant fact which they seem to have overlooked: that is, that the deterioration in the House of Commons, by their own showing, has been most marked during that period in which the Conservative party has been in the ascendant in that assembly. Of course, we shall be told in reply to this remark that this is because the Conservatives, when in opposition, behaved with more patriotism, and a greater regard for parliamentary traditions than the Liberals. But however strongly the assertion may be made, it is one which cannot be supported by evidence. Take

the matter of obstruction. Does anyone really believe that the Liberal party in this Parliament has been more largely given to that offence (and an offence we admit it to be) than the Conservative party was in the Parliament of 1880? We put aside the Irish party for the moment, and confine ourselves to English and Scotch Liberals. Among them we have bores of the type of Sir George Campbell and Mr. Storey, and members who threaten but rarely or never practise obstruction like Mr. Labouchere. But is there any group analogous to the Fourth party, which not only combined with Mr. Parnell in the 1880 Parliament to obstruct all business, but even went further than he did on some occasions in their resolute and unscrupulous attempts to stop the progress of the parliamentary machine? We say confidently that neither by Scotch nor English members on the Liberal side has obstruction been offered during the present Parliament in anything like the degree in which it was practised by Scotch and English Tories in the Parliament of 1880. We have only to add the significant fact that Mr. Smith is now armed with a weapon which he and his friends refused to entrust to Mr. Gladstone—an effective closure rule—in order to show how utterly without reason is the attempt to attribute the failure of the Government to Liberal obstruction.

Still, there must be a cause for that which is a disaster to the Government, even if it be not a discredit to Parliament, and it is well worth searching out. It must, however, be remembered in the first place, that many of the evils of which men are now complaining—and notably the way in which the Estimates are rushed through—are very old. It is more than twenty years since Mr. Disraeli, commenting upon the length of the Liberal programme of the day, declared that he foresaw a terrible July and August, and made a formal protest against "hurry-skurry debates and helter-skelter legislation." This was in the great Parliament of 1878—the Parliament which carried a larger number of great measures of reform than any other of modern times. If such were the case in the green tree, what can we expect in the dry? The truth is that, apart altogether from the Irish Question, Parliament is over-worked. Perhaps the most flagrant scandal of this Session, now happily dead, was the way in which the Indian Budget was dealt with. How many times have Ministers sworn that, in this matter at least, they would mend their ways? How often have they put off their promised reformation? But at last they bound themselves by a standing order. The financial statement of India was to be prepared and presented annually to the House by a certain date early in the Session. This year they forgot even their standing order. There was no preliminary presentation of the financial statement to the House at all, and the Budget itself was explained within a day or two of the end of the Session. We know what has happened to other Bills, affecting not only India, but other dependencies of England. There has been no time to deal with them; and like a score of useful measures relating to the United Kingdom, they have been dropped. Because of obstruction? Not at all; but first because Ministers did not know how to manage their own business, and, secondly, because the hands of Parliament are always too full—the load they have to carry is greater than they can bear.

But once more we hear the word obstruction uttered—on this occasion in connection with the Irish members. If they had not taken up so much of the time of the House, things would have been better this Session than they are. We admit the fact: we will even go further and admit that some Irish members

are guilty of deliberate obstruction. It is quite certain, however, that their obstruction is not greater now than it was in 1880; and then with regard to the thing itself, odious as it is, how can we regard it as other than natural and even inevitable? The Government have put an end to the liberties of the Irish people; they have placed them under the rule of Police Inspectors and Removable Magistrates; not a day passes without witnessing something in the nature of an outrage upon the sense of justice of the nation. But whilst Lord Salisbury and his colleagues are ruling Ireland in this fashion, they insist upon retaining in the House of Commons eighty Irish members, who regard their system of rule as one of monstrous injustice and tyranny. Can they really wonder at the fact that these eighty men, having their full rights at Westminster, even though they are denied the ordinary rights of private individuals in Dublin, are resolved not to make things pleasant for the Ministry which oppresses them, which hunts them about Ireland, which prevents their holding public meetings in their own country, and which, whenever it gets the chance, claps them into gaol? The initial blunder of the present régime in Ireland was made when Lord Salisbury, having intimated that he meant to try twenty years of "resolute," or in other words, unconstitutional, Government in Ireland, failed, as the first step towards carrying out his purpose, to suspend the Parliamentary representation of the Irish people for that period. There will be no peace for Parliament, nor will obstruction cease to be practised, so long as the English Government try to combine these two opposite and incompatible things—arbitrary rule in Ireland with Irish representation at Westminster.

There is another and on the whole the most important reason for the collapse of Parliament this session, which we must state in a single sentence. The House of Commons has outlived its strength. It no longer has the support of the nation. It lives when it ought to die. This, and not obstruction, either by Irishmen or Englishmen, is the real reason of the deplorable breakdown which we have just witnessed. If the present House of Commons were still supported by the voice of the nation, no obstruction could paralyse it, no malignity on the part of the minority could deprive the majority of the power of carrying out their own purposes. It is only when the tree has been severed from the root, and the vitalising sap of popular favour no longer circulates through its veins, that it begins to fall into decrepitude and decay. This is the plain truth about the present House of Commons. Its case is hopeless, and if Lord Salisbury were a really patriotic statesman, instead of continuing to cling to office when he knows that the tide has turned against him, he would follow the example set by Mr. Gladstone in 1874, and give Parliament the opportunity of renewing its strength by contact with the vital forces of the whole nation.

A "SMART" DIPLOMATIST.

AN old but unprofitable argument among our Royalist fathers related to the influence of Democracy upon manners. The publication of the official correspondence with the United States Government over the Behring's Sea dispute may lead to some inquiry into the effect of Republicanism upon diplomacy. Perhaps it would be unfair to reckon Mr. Secretary Blaine as a Democrat, even in the European sense of that word. Those who remember the Presidential contest of 1884, when "James G. Blaine" was the Republican candidate, will know for how little the rights of man, and for

how much the rights of wealth, counted in that great Armageddon. Mr. Blaine's despatches about those charming innocents, the fur-seals, do, indeed, irresistibly suggest the shifts and dodges of an American electoral campaign, and we might almost believe that the President of the Alaska Company, in whose behalf so much ingenuity has been exercised, must have been present at the celebrated "millionaires' dinner," which was one of Mr. Blaine's least successful campaign devices.

The facts, until blurred by diplomatic ink-clouds, were simple enough. Down to 1867 Alaska, including the Aleutian Islands in Behring's Sea, belonged to Russia. In that year it was purchased by the United States, whose fishermen had frequented its seas since the beginning of the century. The fur-seal fishery did not become of great importance, and the capabilities of the Alaskan waters remained comparatively unknown until recent years, when the rise in value of sealskin caused an increased resort to Behring's Sea, and induced numerous small Canadian vessels to engage in the business. This competition being inconvenient to the Alaska Company, the United States revenue cruisers began, in 1886, to seize the Canadian vessels. Complaints at Washington met with delays and evasions, but Mr. Blaine eventually replied by a reference to American statutes, which were asserted to be applicable over the whole of Behring's Sea. In short, the United States set up, in the case of a part of the Pacific Ocean 900 miles wide, the old claim of *mare clausum*, which Grotius refused to allow for a strait twenty-one miles across. Unhappily for Mr. Blaine, the Russian Government, as owner of Alaska, had set up the very same claim against the United States in 1821, and the protest of Mr. Quincy Adams against this pretension necessarily makes hay of Mr. Blaine's case. He accordingly shifted his ground, whilst adroitly maintaining a show of consistency, and justified the action of his revenue cruisers on the new plea that the Canadian vessels were engaged in a pursuit *contra bonos mores* in killing fur-seals in an open sea, which had hitherto been left to American fishermen. To this day it remains far from clear whether Mr. Blaine's moral claim is based upon humanity to the seals, or respect for the American property in them. But England has been too often met, in the past, when dealing with American slave-traders, with the undeniable assertion that no one Government can, by itself, make even the worst offence on the high seas into piracy by the law of nations. Lord Salisbury was, accordingly, able to rout the Washington diplomatist horse, foot, and artillery, and Mr. Blaine then tried bluster. The seizures continued, and no assurance could be obtained that they would be suspended pending negotiations. Lord Salisbury seems ultimately to have put his foot down, for the American newspapers talk of orders to English men-of-war on the Pacific station, and Mr. Blaine sulkily stopped his revenue cruisers at Puget Sound. Then, and not till then, did he agree to submit the case to international arbitration, well knowing that the English Government had long been willing to adopt this course. Now the diplomatists seem to be quarrelling as to the terms of the reference.

We venture to assert that no educated American can read the correspondence of the American Secretary of State without a pang of shame. The old and usually misquoted definition of an Ambassador—a man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country—describes a state of international relations which is commonly believed to have passed away. Diplomatic correspondence is now generally supposed to be subject to the same "eternal verities" as ordinary speech. We fondly imagine that gentlemen do not

cease to be gentlemen, even when they become Secretaries of State; and we at any rate hope that they retain the power of understanding an argument. But to commit an act on one plea, and then justify it on another; to put forward arguments in support of a case which are inconsistent with the case itself; to ignore all reasons of one's opponent, and merely to reassert one's own claim; and meanwhile to take care that every delay is a source of profit, and every evasion a gain—all this, even if one's case is a just one, is the very negation of human intercourse, a reversion to principles which prevailed when stranger meant simply foe. The management of the United States case, granting it for the moment to be correct, would have disgraced the worst type of pettifogging attorney, and would, indeed, have been considered sharp practice even by Mr. Sampson Brass. Lord Salisbury had, however, an easy though a lengthy task in exposing Mr. Blaine's unskilful inconsistencies, and the Washington Foreign Office probably by this time wishes that it had taken more trouble to look up its facts.

The case suggests some uncomfortable reflections on the whole history of American diplomacy. It is well understood that particular communities have special codes of morals for certain purposes; a Yorkshireman selling a horse, or a Londoner promoting a company, is not expected to be bound by any ordinary version of the Decalogue. Many people would trust a Wall Street operator with a purse of untold gold, who would shrink from buying stocks of him, and English opinion of bank treasurers who "go to Canada" often seems harsh to the American press. Such eccentricities in ethical judgments are not incompatible with a general high level of morality, and we have certainly no wish to disparage those virtues of the American citizen of which Mr. Bryce writes so enthusiastically. But the American "smartness" in business has been often too openly carried into the foreign relations of the United States Government. Perhaps we must blame for this the precedent set by Deane and Franklin, Carlyle's "sleek Silas and sleek Benjamin," when, as Gouverneur Morris relates, France was cajoled into the American war. Perhaps it is due to the wonderful principle of "rotation," and the glorification of the ordinary "business man." Yet it was hardly even "business," in 1872, to rake up those preposterous "indirect claims" in the *Alabama* arbitration, which the most friendly of tribunals was compelled to reject. What, too, has become of the undistributed balance of this award for which no claimants could be found?

We hope our Unionist readers will not regard it as an instance of Home Rule monomania, if we suggest that the misgovernment of Ireland lies at the bottom even of American diplomatic perversities. The necessity of conciliating the Irish vote creates a barrier even against English arguments, and shuts out friendliness across the Atlantic like a hostile tariff. Mr. Blaine no more dared admit Lord Salisbury's claim to be just, than he could have hauled down the Stars and Stripes. Such mean "truckling to the British Lion"—even when the British Lion was right—would have cost the Republican Party tens of thousands of votes at the next election. It is a significant and curious instance of the anti-British bias of United States politics, that those reformers who wish to introduce the English system of voting by secret ballot, do not dare to call it the English system, and are compelled to urge it as an Australian improvement.

If the Poles in England were numbered by millions instead of by thousands; if they all possessed votes and a real genius for the methods of English politics; if they filled our police and

our municipalities, our public offices and our press; if they had decided the issue at the last General Election, and won the victory at Barrow, it is probable that the permanent bias of English diplomacy against Russia would be somewhat intensified, and one of our most popular horse-races would not be named after the eldest son of the Czar. It might be found expedient to call Russian tallow Australian, and Caucasian petroleum American. We might even refuse to pay the "authorial expenses" of Russian books, and deny protection to pirated Russian dramatists. Happily our Poles take only to the humbler form of cabinet-making, and seek rather the sweater's den than political office. We are, therefore, able to take a comparatively unbiassed view of Russian arguments as of Russian tallow and petroleum. But we should do well not to be unduly complacent in our untried virtue, especially when we remember on what grounds the American-Irish cherish their resentment against this country. Not the least of the advantages of Home Rule would be the improvement which it might gradually cause in the relations between this country and our "kin beyond sea."

One other comment may be made on Mr. Blaine's diplomacy. That "Foreign Affairs Committee" of the Senate, which Radical doctrinaires often seek to introduce into the English Constitution, appears to be a check of very doubtful value. When the Senate is opposed to the President in politics, the President declines to take its Foreign Affairs Committee into his intimate counsels, and refuses (as President Cleveland did) to give them his more secret papers. When the Senate is, as at present, of the same political party as the President, it becomes unpatriotic, from a party point of view, to hinder the action of his Government. The much-vaunted Foreign Affairs Committee is, indeed, no more an effectual check on American diplomacy than the House of Lords is on our Conservative Ministries. The American Executive is, indeed, the most uncontrolled in the world, and it is just this freedom from liability to effective criticism which enables Mr. Blaine to indulge unchecked in those diplomatic vagaries which are stimulated by respect for the Irish vote.

NATIONALISTS AND CATHOLICS.

UNDER this heading the *Spectator* of last Saturday delivered a homily on the subordination of morality to politics by the Nationalist Members of Parliament. The text of our contemporary's article is Mr. Healy's speech on Sir Lintorn Simmons's mission to the Vatican. The *Spectator* thinks that the Irish Nationalists ought to have welcomed that mission, because it was a recognition of Home Rule in Malta. Had Mr. Healy been "a consistent and reasonable" Nationalist, "he would, as a Catholic, have rejoiced at the Maltese getting their rights; as an Irishman, he would have insisted on the extension of similar rights to Ireland." The explanation which our contemporary offers for this alleged inconsistency is that Irish Nationalists "care for their politics more" than for their religion. The Pope having pronounced a public censure on Boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, "Mr. Healy is angry with the Pope because the Pope has not done what Mr. Healy himself has done—subordinated morality to politics. The Pope has treated the sixth and eighth commandments as of paramount and universal obligation. The Nationalist members treat them as of subordinate and partial obligation. 'Thou shalt do no murder'—unless the victim be a landgrabber. 'Thou shalt not steal'—unless the money stolen be owing for rent."

We gave the *Spectator* credit last week, and we give it credit now, for honestly trying to look at the question of Home Rule from the point of view of the Home Rulers; but the article on which we are commenting makes us despair of getting our opponents to understand even the rudiments of our policy. When has Mr. Healy or any other Nationalist Member of Parliament propounded the atrocious doctrine that it is right to murder a landgrabber? The Parnell Commission emphatically acquitted them all of that odious accusation. Yet here is the most moderate and honest organ of the "Unionists" reviving the most serious, but triumphantly disproved, libel in "Parnellism and Crime." And what Irish Nationalist member has ever declared that it is just to steal money righteously owing for rent? The simple truth is that an ordinary "Unionist" is so blinded by prejudice on this question that he cannot see the truth. He cannot, spite of all his efforts to be just, look at the Irish question from any other point of view than his own. Our contemporary is all astray, moreover, on the facts of the Malta imbroglio and on the inferences which he draws from them. The population of Malta, so far from approving Sir Lintorn Simmons's mission, have protested most energetically against it. The only supporters of that mission have been the Bishop of Malta and a few of the official and upper class. The native population and clergy are up in arms against the negotiations that have taken place between the Vatican and Her Majesty's Government. So strong, indeed, has been the opposition of the Maltese that the Bishop of Malta, under orders from the Vatican, has had recourse to that terrorising weapon which the *Spectator* thinks so criminal in Ireland—he has boycotted the popular newspaper which opposed the Salisbury-Papal policy, and excommunicated (the most cruel form of boycotting) some of the leaders of the popular movement. Yet our contemporary thinks that Irish Nationalists should have welcomed the Malta precedent as a good omen for Ireland.

But our contemporary is more grievously in error than we have yet pointed out. The pith of Mr. Healy's objection to the Malta-Vatican negotiations lay in the arrangement by which the British Government was to have a veto on the appointment of the Bishops of Malta and Gozo. The Pope significantly intimated to the British Envoy "that negotiations conducted in this way between the Holy See and Her Majesty's Government would be beneficial as regards the people of Malta, but might also be usefully extended to other parts of the Empire where Catholic interests are of great importance." The Pope also "expressed his opinion that the best way of settling questions which involved political as well as religious interests is by diplomatic agency." Mr. Healy was amply justified in seeing in these hints the incipient stage of a scheme for giving the British Government a veto, open or clandestine, on the appointment of Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland. In criticising and denouncing such a policy Mr. Healy was but following the honourable traditions of Irish Catholics from generation to generation. O'Connell denounced far more fiercely than Mr. Healy has done any intervention of the Vatican in the politics of Ireland. He was ready to take his theology from Rome, he said, "but not politics." He insisted that the Irish Catholic Bishops should be selected in Ireland without any extraneous veto by the British or any other Government. "You cannot conceive," he wrote to a correspondent, "anything more lively than the abhorrence of these vetoistical plans amongst the people at large. I really think they will go near to desert all such clergymen as do not now take an

active part on the question." The *Spectator* sorrowfully admits that in this matter "there is not much to choose between the Nationalists and the majority of the Irish Catholic clergy." But so it has always been. It is one of the most honourable facts in the dreary record of Ireland's wrongs that her clergy have bravely stood by the people in their struggle for Home Rule, not less against Rome than against England. The Papal Rescript consequent on the Persico mission was but the last of a long series of intrigues between the British Government and the Papal Court to repress the Nationalist aspirations of Ireland. At the zenith of O'Connell's power, a Papal Rescript was addressed to the Irish Catholic clergy commanding them to abstain from politics. O'Connell set the Rescript at defiance, and the Irish clergy paid it no more attention than their successors have paid to the Persico missive. It was on that occasion that O'Connell defiantly declined to take his politics from Rome.

But if boycotting and the Plan of Campaign be a subordination of morality to politics—a flagrant violation of "the Sixth and Eighth Commandments"—is there not another side to the question? Who began the boycotting? and are the Nationalists the only people who practise it now when they have the chance? What is Dublin Castle administration but a huge system of boycotting? What chance has a Nationalist, however unimpeachable, able, and patriotic, of finding any career under the administration of Dublin Castle? What is jury-packing in Ireland but a most tyrannous exhibition of boycotting, by means of which the liberties and lives of innocent persons may be sacrificed quite as effectually, and far more odiously, because under the hypocritical cloak of legal forms, than by some midnight outrage on the part of Moonlighters? Mr. Balfour has admitted in the House of Commons that he systematically boycotts Nationalist newspapers by refusing them all Government advertisements—a serious injury to the property of his political opponents and a gross abuse of public funds, which come out of the pockets of Nationalists as well as of "Unionists." We make the same criticism on the morality of the Plan of Campaign. Let those who denounce it as a violation of the Eighth Commandment be impartial, and denounce with equal vigour the extortion of unjust rents by multitudes of Irish landlords. The Plan of Campaign was put in practice on some hundred and fifty properties out of sixty thousand in Ireland, and facts have proved that the demands of the Campaigners were in most cases just. On how many properties have unjust rents been and are still enforced? If it is iniquitous for a starving tenant to withhold as much of his rent as he thinks unjust, is it equitable on the part of a landlord to impose more rent than the land is worth, and then evict the tenant and rob him of his fair share of the property? These are aspects of the question which the Papal Rescript entirely ignored, and it seems to us that the Nationalists are more than justified in repudiating so entirely one-sided a display of political morality. The Papal Rescript and its admirers quietly assume that the Ten Commandments were made for the benefit of landlords only. But if it be true that the Nationalists, clergy and laity alike, are thus determined to repudiate, as we believe they are, the interference of Rome in their domestic affairs, what becomes of the cry that Home Rule is Rome Rule? And what reason have the Protestant minority to fear the establishment of a subordinate legislature on College Green? Let our opponents pluck the beam of prejudice out of their eyes, and they will see clearly that the position they occupy is as illogical as it is unjust and unstatesmanlike.

THE CZAR AS A FORCE IN POLITICS.

EVER since the day when Alexander met Napoleon on the famous raft upon the Niemen, the colloquies of the Czars with Western potentates have excited the hopes and fears of politicians, and, however true may be the present auguries of peace, a meeting between the Czar and the German Emperor cannot be without significance. The personality of the two men, the mighty power which they wield, and the overwhelming influence which their judgment and action may exercise over the destinies of Europe, take hold upon the imagination and invest their meeting with an interest of its own. The Emperor William has of late filled a large place in the eyes of the public—a specially large place, perhaps, owing to his newly-manifested ideas and sympathies, in the eyes of the public in England. But brilliant as his position is, and admirable as are in many ways the purposes for which he seems inclined to use it, its opportunities appear common-place and limited beside the mysterious splendour of the Czar. Commanding as are the interests and resources of Germany, and her hold on the immediate future of Europe, one cannot but feel that behind Germany there lies all the while Russia in reserve, biding her time, and confident in her invulnerable strength, and that on Russia ultimately depends the issue of the questions which hold the continent in suspense. The sense of mystery is heightened by the extreme concentration of the Russian Government, the vast extent of the Russian dominions, the strange mixture prevailing throughout them of Eastern absolutism and superstition with the tone and habits of the West, the secrecy and terrorism which surround the person of the ruler. In spite of her adoption of Western manners, Russia seems still to hold aloof from Europe, going always steadily on her way, different from any other Continental State, content to pursue her own purposes alone, and careless of the alarms she may excite among her rivals. Only on two points does she come into contact with the West—when some startling excess of misgovernment shocks the feelings of her neighbours, or when her line of policy abroad seems to touch or to conflict with theirs.

Our view of the internal government of Russia, and of the iniquities associated with it, we have expressed already. Nobody in this country knows exactly how far the Czar is aware of what is done in his name, how far he is the master or the victim of the views of his advisers. His personal character leads one to hope that he is ignorant of many things of which he must bear the reproach. He appears to be straightforward, and as regards his intentions, honest, without great ability, without great enlightenment, and without the force of character which rises above danger, traditions, and restraints, like those which encompass him. The truth is, he is an ordinary nineteenth-century gentleman, brought up in an atmosphere saturated with inveterate prejudices, to fill the position of an Asiatic despot, on whom, in the minds of his subjects, policy and religion have alike conferred every attribute of power. While that anomalous combination of circumstances lasts, nothing except an Emperor of exceptional genius or a series of changes little short of revolution can permanently reform the Government of Russia. Leaving that question, however, aside, there is much that is capable of modification in the relations of Russia with other European Powers. In determining the fate of Europe the Czar is a factor of the utmost moment. The sovereign who, within his own dominions, is the persecutor of the Jews and the head of the Siberian system, is, outside of them, regarded as the champion of the Slavs, as the natural

saviour of oppressed races. It was Russia who set Bulgaria free, and the reasons which have lost her the gratitude of the Bulgarians are still among the ugly secrets of diplomacy. Greece and Montenegro regard her as their protector. The Armenian subjects of the Turk implore her to intervene as their deliverer. Fear and discount it as we may, the Czar, by his nearness, his power, his religion, his race, is the hereditary friend of the Christian peoples whom we permit the Turks to persecute; and, in spite of all the errors of his advisers, he wields an influence in the East of Europe to which no other potentate can lay claim. Happily, now, the day is over when Englishmen would rather go to war with Russia than allow her to exercise her legitimate influence there. We have at last left behind us the traditions of the Crimean War, except their glory. We have repudiated the false tactics of Lord Beaconsfield. We have ceased to insist so much as once we did that Austria should share in the spoils of the Turk, in order that Russia might have less of them. Even English Tories, rendered secure in their imagination by the existence of a British protectorate in Egypt, have allowed their angry fancies to abate, and no longer believe that Constantinople lies at the gates of the Indies, or that, if Russian war-ships pass the Bosphorus, our supremacy on the Coromandel coast is doomed. In future, if Russia be called in again to emancipate the European subjects of the Sultan, we shall not be moved by ancient jealousy, or by any anxious zeal for Austrian interests. If Russia demands an outlet for her trade, we shall not insist on closing every sea against her. If Russia should step in to save Armenia from an oppression which we have sheltered and maintained elsewhere, English diplomacy, backed up by English feeling, will wish her the success which a deliverer deserves.

These are no easy questions, and the German Emperor, who is the ally of Austria and the rival of France, will do well if on some of them he can come to an understanding with the Czar. He has met him as the ambassador of those European States that hope for peace. We wish he could speak to the Czar as ambassador also of that protest against high-handed cruelty which every European State shares. In dealing with the Czar we are free from the difficulties which lie in the path of the German Emperor. We have no interests irreconcilable with Russia's. Of all the Powers of Europe she is the one best fitted to be our ally. And if there are any in this country who would urge us to have no dealings with a ruler so tyrannical, we reply that the misgovernment of Russia is no reason why we should deliberately keep alive antagonisms that ought to perish; and that if external influence can do anything to modify misrule, that influence will be far greater in the hands of a friend than when proceeding from an inveterate enemy supposed to act from jealousy or spite.

LORDS AND MARKET LORDS.

THE House of Lords, which rallied in defence of the Duke of Bedford's vested interest in the bolts and bars of Bloomsbury, did not forget that his Grace is also the owner of Covent Garden. The Peers are not specially interested in waterworks, and they have now graciously allowed to the London County Council the privilege of holding an inquiry into London's water-supply. But to keep a fruit market is, in London, a recognised Ducal function, and the Lords' Committee threw out the clause empowering the Council to inquire into the

metropolitan market accommodation. No mere County Council can be suffered even to look upon the strawberry leaves of the great house of Russell.

It may, however, well be that the House of Lords had another reason, in its defence of individual liberty, for drawing the line at markets. If a mere commoner like Mr. T. W. Russell saw danger to Unionism in the Dublin Corporation collecting its own rates, a Peer might well discover, in the apparently innocent markets clause of the County Council's Bill, an insidious attempt to destroy in detail some of the most stalwart pillars of the Unionist faith. It so happens that a Unionist Duke, a Unionist millionaire M.P., and the specially Unionist City Corporation, hold in their grasp practically the whole market accommodation of the greatest city in the world, and levy a gross annual revenue of at least a quarter of a million sterling upon its daily food. These are some of the facts which, on a mere statement by the City Corporation that all the requisite information was already available, the House of Lords' Committee refused to permit the London County Council to investigate.

For markets London depends on two private monopolists and two sectional and unrepresentative public authorities, feebly supplemented by the abortive efforts of two philanthropists, and by the squalid and inconvenient "street markets" of the London poor. One of the early acts of the restored Charles II. was to grant to the fourth Earl of Bedford permission to establish a market in the old garden of the Convent of Westminster, near the fields known as the "Seven" or "Long" Acres. From this market, through which now passes all London's flowers and fruit, and nearly all its green vegetables, the Duke of Bedford derives a gross revenue, as stated by his agent, of £25,300 per annum, out of which £10,116 is laid out in market expenses. The accommodation is far from adequate, and what *Punch* calls "Mudsalad Market" stretches out into all the neighbourhood. When the heavily-laden waggons three times a week creep into London in the grey morning, many of them find themselves compelled to stand in long lines down the streets round the Duke's narrow market square, and upon every one of these waggons, for which the Duke has provided no market convenience whatever, a Ducal toll is levied. No farthing of that toll will he even contribute towards the cost of clearing away the inevitable dirt and garbage of this open-air market under an English sky. The ratepayers of the Strand have the pleasure of paying for the paving, scavengering, and lighting, and the ratepayers of London for the policing and draining, of the overflow market which swells the Ducal revenue. Nor is any provision made by the Duke for the decent housing of the porters who earn him his market income. The whole market population, forced by the early hours to live near their work, crowd the neighbouring alleys of Drury Lane, and make of the long obsolete market of "Clare," now a rookery of slums, one of those metropolitan "Connaughts" whose rents are the puzzle of the political economist and the philanthropist's sad despair.

Twenty-one years after the foundation of Covent Garden Market, the same generous monarch gave, to another lucky courtier, permission to hold a market in the fields of the "Spital" of St. Mary outside Bishopsgate. Spitalfields Market, a humbler rival of Covent Garden, is now the joint property of Sir Julian Goldsmid, M.P., and the Scott family. The tolls amount to about £18,000 a year; but they are leased by their aristocratic owners for a net rental of £5,000 per annum. Practically the whole of the conveniences of this market, such as they are,

have been provided by the lessee out of the profits of his lease.

Now, what Charles the Second gave by his charters was merely the permission to hold a market. But it has gradually become a settled principle of the common law that such a grant implies the right to prohibit any competing market within about seven miles' radius. The Duke of Bedford does not, it is understood, insist upon any such monopoly rights; but the owners of Spitalfields Market are less generous, and only a few years ago they successfully prohibited (in the leading case of *Horne v. the Great Eastern Railway Company*) the establishment of a market in the town of West Ham, now a borough of nearly 200,000 population, and distant over three miles from the imperilled monopoly. The whole million of inhabitants who crowd the Inferno of London's East End are absolutely dependent for market accommodation upon the good pleasure of the member for South St. Pancras "and the Scott Family;" and by a curious economic paradox, it pays these noble proprietors better to prevent a rival market than to establish one.

London's main potato market belongs, oddly enough, to the Vestry of St. Saviour, Southwark, a tiny parish with under 30,000 inhabitants, where the rates are reduced (and the rents thereby raised!) by a tribute upon London of over £7,000 a year, this being the net annual surplus of the Borough Market finances. Travellers by the South Eastern Railway may descry the vegetable-heaps of this petty market overflowing into the very churchyard where Kit Marlowe lies buried, and may then reflect, in eating their next meal, on the mysterious economic dispensation which enables a few owners of the few acres of this Southwark parish virtually to levy a hidden toll upon every potato consumed in the capital of the world.

But the largest market owner is the Corporation of the City of London, the one square mile in the midst of London's 120 square miles, which owns and manages practically all the market accommodation for the cattle, meat, poultry, and fish of four millions of people, not to mention such unconsidered trifles as hay and straw. From its eight markets the City levies about £217,000 annually, and manages to spend £95,000 on market expenses, as well as £96,000 interest on market debt. It was mainly in defence of its Billingsgate Fish Market that the City incited the House of Lords Committee to withstand the impertinent curiosity of the London County Council, and it cannot, therefore, wonder that dark stories float around of "fish rings," influential in Civic Councils; of good fish occasionally destroyed, like the spices of the Dutch, in order to keep up the price of the rest; and of hidden malignancy, which has rendered abortive the efforts of the Baroness Burdett Coutts to establish Columbia Market for the Bethnal Green poor, and of Mr. Plimsoll to create a South London Fish Market at the Elephant and Castle.

There is positively no "market authority" for the Metropolis, and accordingly no adequate regulation even of such markets as it possesses. It must seem incredible to the citizens of the smallest municipal borough; it must sound preposterous in the ears of Glasgow or of Manchester, that London has, in the most choleraic summer, absolutely no power to regulate its fruit supply, or to say on what days and at what hours its citizens may receive fresh vegetables. What London most needs is indeed the creation of such a central market authority, which can scarcely be other than the County Council. The sectional jealousies and private interests which now hinder the growth of local fish markets, stop the expansion of the Borough Market, cramp Covent

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Garden, and prohibit the establishment of new East End markets, must clearly be superseded, as in the provincial municipalities, by the central control of a representative public body. The huge Metropolis needs, moreover, as at Paris, local distributing markets, in addition to central wholesale depôts. Market reform is one of the most urgent tasks of London's new administrative body. But the House of Lords will not even permit it to see what has to be done in the matter.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES OF 1890.

GR^{EAT} as is the value of naval manœuvres, they entail certain inevitable drawbacks in the misapprehension which they are apt to create. The objects which they are designed to fulfil, as well as the problems on which they are intended to throw light, are never really grasped by the public at large. Their results, and the lessons which they may have taught, are widely commented upon before the actual facts are really known, and the deductions of competent judges, arrived at after a deliberate survey of those facts, never overtake or efface the original, and possibly altogether erroneous, impressions. It is remarkable that in a nation naval in its proudest traditions, and to which pre-eminent "sea-power" is the first necessity of existence, there should be a widespread ignorance of the conditions of naval warfare. Dealing with the great question of Imperial defence, a writer so able and painstaking as Sir C. Dilke is able to handle military matters with creditable skill; but, so soon as he turns to the purely naval considerations which lie at the root of his subject, he flounders hopelessly. We correctly term the navy "the right arm" of Great Britain. We are all agreed that naval supremacy in war must be secured at all cost, and that strong fleets always ready for war are vitally necessary to safeguard the commerce which is our life. Nevertheless, we seem to find a constitutional difficulty in realising what sea-power implies, what a dominant navy can guarantee, and to what extent such a navy rules all questions of Imperial defence, and determines alike the necessary military standards and the possibilities of military action.

The annual manœuvres are carefully watched and studied abroad, as the thoughtful and exhaustive criticism published last year by Captain Stenzel, of the German navy, clearly shows. It is important that their teaching should be understood here; or, at least, that erroneous deductions should be avoided. The manœuvres of 1888 have been held to prove that no form of blockade is now practicable; those of 1889 have been said to indicate that the destruction of commerce cannot be prevented; that British coast towns can be blackmailed; and that the Thames, Clyde, or Forth require enormous coast defences. Such deductions are all about equally false. What will be the popular reading of the lessons of the manœuvres just concluded? It is possible that an exaggerated value may be attached to torpedo boats; or it may be regarded as a new axiom that a considerable squadron may maintain its position for a few days on a great trade route within a comparatively short distance of our shores without detection.

The "General Idea" of the operations of 1890 is simple. A hostile fleet based upon Berehaven and the Shannon is to act against a defined trade belt, representing the stream of commerce converging upon the English and Irish Channels from the Mediterranean, Cape, South America, and West Indies. A British fleet, able to avail itself of any port of the United Kingdom not lying between Carnsore Point

and Cape Clear, or between Cape Clear and Achill, is to operate for the defence of this trade belt. The enemy is to have twenty-four hours' start when war is declared; but cruisers on both sides may scout when war is imminent. To diversify the operations, the enemy has a division of torpedo-boats at Alderney with an escorting cruiser; while the defending force has a reserve squadron, principally composed of coast-defence vessels, which is to act from a Channel port and support the first line as may be found desirable. The total force at the disposal of Sir G. Tryon, the "British" Admiral, was slightly superior to that of his opponent, Sir M. Seymour, being forty per cent. stronger in cruisers. The main object aimed at was, therefore, a practical insight into the conditions under which a somewhat inferior fleet, starting twenty-four hours in advance from known ports, and limited by a defined area of water and its own coal endurance, could be caught and offered action—a strategic conception in which, however, many tactical lessons in the handling of cruisers as scouts would be learned. In addition, it was hoped to obtain some teaching as to the tactical handling of torpedo-boats operating across the Channel.

The trade belt laid down was about twice as far from Sir M. Seymour's base as from Brest, and therefore attainable only by the consumption of at least twice as much coal; but, on the other hand, Brest, which is only 130 miles from Plymouth, would be far more easily watched than Berehaven, and failing the necessity for the twenty-four hours' delay prescribed by the rules of the game, a squadron issuing from Brest could be much more quickly followed than one starting from Berehaven, especially if, as was the case with Sir M. Seymour's fleet, the exact hour of its departure was known to the British Admiral.

It is too soon to examine causes, since the full information is not yet available; but the facts appear to be that with the declaration of war, the enemy's torpedo flotilla dashed at once across the Channel, delivering attacks at Plymouth, Portland, and later at Falmouth; but that Sir G. Tryon did not find his opponent, who was not thereupon brought to action, and must be assumed to have maintained himself on the trade route for several days.

Whether the torpedo boats could have effected anything whatever cannot possibly be stated. In mimic warfare, all *vraisemblance* ceases when the stage of weapons is reached. A torpedo boat is the most fragile and vulnerable of vessels, and must trust to the chances of surprise; since ships judiciously disposed at an anchorage, with nets down, must be practically secure. But a virtual surprise was obtained at Plymouth, even though the attack was foreseen. Nothing could exceed the dash and skill with which this attack was delivered, and, whether successful or not, great credit is due to the young officers who carried it out. The service of torpedo boats is exactly suited to the genius and traditions of the British navy, which will unquestionably be able to secure all that is possible from this practically untried weapon. There is a clear lesson to be learned from these operations. Ports within torpedo boat range of an enemy must be prepared for attempts of this nature, vigilance of a special kind is required, and measures, easily taken, must never be neglected.

The popular verdict upon the manœuvres as a whole will probably be that they were a total failure. The enemy's fleet struck low down upon the trade belt defined by the rules; but its slow return to port proves it to have approached the limits of coal supply. It may be that the fourteen cruisers allotted to Sir G. Tryon's force were not sufficient for the work before them; but his strategy was of the feeblest. His cruisers—

unlike those of his opponent—were not filled up with coal when hostilities commenced. He never maintained any touch with the enemy, and for five days did nothing but hover near the Scilly Isles, apparently on the supposition that his enemy would endeavour to get behind him, which in war there would have been no possible inducement to attempt. Had he at once swept down the western side of the imaginary trade belt on the broadest front consistent with the maintenance of communication he would probably have found the opposing fleet. The public will doubtless be disappointed that no mimic action took place; but the manœuvres nevertheless will have fully served the purpose for which they were intended. They have shown clearly how *not* to intercept an enemy under parallel conditions. They must have afforded valuable teaching as to scouting service, and they may possibly bring into prominence the want of fast cruisers which is now the main source of weakness of the British navy.

As to the actual results which would have been attained by Sir M. Seymour's squadron, in the available time, it is impossible to speak. Trade will not in war follow the narrow and well defined belts which it naturally seeks in peace. Its greatest vulnerability will be at points of necessary convergence—points, therefore, where a dominant naval power can best defend it. Fleets cannot keep the seas for many days, and had the manœuvres lasted Sir M. Seymour must have been caught and brought to action on his return to his base, probably with a short supply of coal.

The lessons of the manœuvres of 1890 need not, therefore, inspire unreasoning panic. What was done by the Berekhaven Fleet has been done over and over again in the past, and was known to be practicable. The marked want of vigour which characterised the handling of the British squadron is of itself an object lesson of great value, while the tactical experience which both fleets must have obtained amply justifies the cost of the experiment. There is still much to be learned as to the handling of modern fleets, and the annual manœuvres provide the only possible means of training our officers in the higher branches of their profession.

A BISMARCKIAN EPISODE.

ONE day last June, Prince Bismarck made use of this extraordinary language to a deputation of admirers who waited upon him at Friedrichsruhe:—"Though no longer in office, I have still retained the right of every citizen to give free expression to his opinion."

This language naturally suggests that the journalist who cabled it to his paper was actuated by a malicious desire to stultify the party quoted; but in this case no such motive can be presumed, for the correspondent responsible for this language is none other than the accomplished *Times* representative in Berlin, whose recently published *Life of the late Chancellor* has no greater fault than a manifest anxiety to magnify every virtue and bury every fault appertaining to its hero.

The language is of historic importance, for in the thirty years that the great Bismarck has ruled in Germany, his actions as well as his words have given intelligent members of the Reichstag reason to think that his notions in regard to the rights of the citizen were exactly the reverse of what we have here cited. Lasker and Friedrich Kapp, two statesmen whose service to constitutional government is warmly acknowledged by the Liberals of the Fatherland, died but a short few years ago without ever having made this discovery. Both of them enjoyed the bitter persecution of the Chancellor because both insisted upon giving free expression

to opinions unfavourable to "Protectionism" at a time when Bismarck, who had ceased to be a Free Trader, sought the political support of the Protectionist "Squires."

These two men are dead, and their names are part of German history; let us hope that their memoirs may be published as a supplement to the many works on the Bismarckian era. One anecdote will be found there not yet incorporated in the many editions of Bismarckian table-talk, but well worthy of preservation as illustrating what the late Chancellor meant when he claimed for every citizen the right to "give free expression to his opinion."

A German gentleman, of famous name, of ample fortune, member of Parliament, connected with the best people of his country by social as well as family ties, conspicuous by reason of his philanthropy, hospitality, and the charm of his family gatherings, lived not many miles from Berlin when the Kingdom of Prussia became the Empire of Germany. No man at this time was more welcome at the palace of the Chancellor, as well as at that of his sovereign, than this Mr. X.

In those days Bismarck stood for national greatness as represented by the defeat of France and the unification of Germany, and in this task no stauncher ally of the Government could be wished than the Liberal party of which Mr. X. was an honoured leader. Little by little, however, the perpetual homage rendered Bismarck by every political fraction in Parliament had the effect that he gradually came to confound himself with political infallibility, for his contemporaries had practically admitted his omnipotence in matters of foreign affairs. The same drastic means that had solved the question of United Germany he proposed to adopt in dealing with the far more delicate, and, we beg leave to think, far more important, questions of domestic affairs, in which were bound up not merely burdens of local taxation, but principles dear to every lover of individual liberty and self-government. Cold comfort indeed was it that Germany had humbled France on the battle-field only to envy afterwards the liberty which her citizens enjoyed in their civil affairs!

Men like Mr. X. began to feel that Germany even without a Bismarck was better than Germany without Constitutional liberty; for they found that Bismarck looked upon such as differed from him not merely as enemies of their country, but of himself as well.

Mr. X. had chosen to vote against a Government measure intended to raise the duty on corn. Bismarck remonstrated with him on the subject, and by various means sought to win his support, but without success. Mr. X. recognised perfectly that his course made social intercourse with his late friend problematical, and was therefore somewhat surprised to receive an invitation to dine at the palace of the Prime Minister shortly after these unsuccessful approaches.

The guests assembled, and after waiting some time their host made his appearance. He moved from one to the other, greeting each with cheery, bluff heartiness, until he reached Mr. X., whom he purposely left until the very last. Here he paused deliberately, looked his late ally from head to foot, then turned majestically on his heel, and without saying one word stalked into the dining-room. His guest, who had been accustomed only to the best society, was at first so taken aback that he scarcely realised that an insult could have been intended. The truth, however, gradually dawned upon him; he mechanically moved towards the door of the hall, picked up his hat, and crossed the threshold of that house for the last time.

Everyone present saw the cut, and understood why it was administered in this public and cruel manner. Everyone present had, therefore, a timely warning of what could happen to such as might hereafter think themselves entitled to differ in matters of policy with the Chancellor; but none of them dreamed that his vengeance could extend to even greater length.

The home of Mr. X. became henceforth an object of Bismarck's interest. He could not insult its head more than once—at least, in the manner described—but he had means of reaching him with a penalty as cruel as, if not more cruel than, exile. Every official in the Government, every officer in the army or navy, every person indirectly or directly looking to the Government for favours of any kind, was warned that to frequent the house of one opposed to Bismarck was to commit an offence. This did not affect only the clerks and officials of the Bismarck bureaus, whose positions as members of the Chancellor's household might naturally make them cautious in regard to keeping company with the "Opposition"; it reached the professors in the University, whose advancement is not unconnected with the Prime Minister's favour; it reached the members of foreign legations, who could not afford to miss any opportunity of appearing devoted to the head of the Foreign Office; it reached every artist or professional man to whom Court favour might mean bread and butter.

Little by little the entertainments given by Mr. X. became as strikingly rare as they had been formerly frequent. Those who had been counted upon to make his balls and receptions brilliant were now engaged elsewhere. No officer could come without exposing himself to painful consequences; and in a country where the military compose the largest part of what is called society, a house that is boycotted by that class might as well be in Irkutsk or Tomsk for any advantage it can derive from fashionable entertaining. In short, the house I refer to has been systematically boycotted in Berlin ever since Bismarck decided that an opponent of a Government Bill is as bad as an enemy to the Empire.

One example only have I given, but it illustrates as well as a dozen what is meant by Bismarck when he publicly claims of his Emperor the right to free expression of opinion.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE McKINLEY BILL.

FOR the last six months the Congress of the United States has been labouring at a tariff Bill, and the longer it is before the country the less it is liked by the people, and the more divisions it creates in the Protectionist party. Since the Bill left the Ways and Means Committee, of which Mr. McKinley is chairman, it has been discussed by the House of Representatives, by Committees of the two Houses, and now the Senate is giving it a final revisal. The Democrats were voted down in both Houses, and although many clauses have been changed and rechanged by the Protectionists themselves, the Bill after all its wanderings will emerge from Congress on the 30th of this month as it entered it, an out-and-out Protectionist measure—full of inequalities and anomalies—which is intended as a political bribe and as a reward to the manufacturers who put up money for the last election.

The last Presidential election, as it now appears, was more or less of a monetary transaction. The manufacturers who "invested" in it, bargained with "Boss" Quay for a return in the shape of more Protection. The demand did not come from the people. Drawn with political objects in view, and in the interest of special parties, the measure soon created divisions among Protectionists. Duties were raised all round, and, to please the farmers, were doubled on all natural products imported into the United States. The Bill put a duty on articles which are not manufactured in the country. It gave protection to "infant" industries which are a hundred years old. It tried to deceive the people by abolishing the duty on sugar, and replacing it by a bounty to manufacturers. The conflicting interests accordingly soon began to cause trouble to the party chiefs. The duties which were put on agricultural seeds satisfied the farmers in the north, but caused discon-

tent in the south where the farmers import their seeds. The "leather men" threatened to smash the party unless the duty on hides was removed. The owners of grain elevators or granaries came down on the duty on corn, and the brewers rose in revolt against the new tariff on barley. It was soon evident that the measure was unpopular among the Protectionists and was injuring the prospects of the party.

Then Mr. Blaine, who had been quietly watching events, came forward with a denunciation of the whole Bill, and said that it would not "open the market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork." He proposed that the Bill should be remodelled, and that it should be left to the President and himself to abrogate certain duties—such as those on wool and sugar—when they thought fit, and enter into reciprocal treaties with the South American Republics. These proposals for "friendly barter" struck at the root of the whole Protectionist "platform," and were resented by Mr. McKinley and the supporters of his Bill. Mr. McKinley declared that "the proposal for free wool is a political blunder which involves the administration." But Mr. Blaine knew what he was doing.

Canada was left out of Mr. Blaine's reciprocity scheme, and Canada is specially aimed at in the McKinley Bill. The duties on all agricultural products will injure the commerce of the Dominion, but not more than they will injure the country which imposes them. The one thing in which Canadians are immeasurably ahead of Americans is in farming, and hitherto most of the corn raised in the North-West has gone southward to St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Chicago. Canada produces better wheat than the States, and Canadian malt is the finest in the world. The milling and brewing trade in the west will suffer heavily from the new duties; while the Canadians will by-and-by find an outlet for their products eastward, and will take away some of the American corn and cattle trade with this country. As for ourselves, the new duties will not materially affect our trade, as they will raise the cost of production in America. We can look on while France, Germany, and other foreign countries retaliate—as they are now proposing to do—on the United States, and in the end we will fairly hope to take away some of its foreign trade with these countries.

THE USES OF THUNDER.

SOME familiar weather-expressions, which have been handed down from time immemorial, are now being scientifically verified. Careful observers for many generations were able to generalise from a life experience of facts some law of nature, which they never attempted to explain. It was well known, not only by medical men, but by society in general, that in many cases of physical debility, "a change of air" wrought a wonderful cure. Yet, it is only comparatively of recent date that scientific authorities have explained the reason of this. Though one has to breathe thousands of disease-germs a day from the ordinary atmosphere, these only find a home for propagation in a weakened part of the frame. But if the invalid is removed to a place where the organic particles in the air are fewer, or are of a different character, he has a better chance of recovery. The dust-particles have been accurately enumerated from seven millions per cubic inch in town air to three thousand in country air. Healthy people are able to throw off the dust-particles in town air by reason of the warm and moist nature of their lungs; but unhealthy people require a change of air to keep them from being overcome by the enemy.

Another familiar weather-expression has met with a scientific explanation:—"Thunder clears the air." At this season, when thunderstorms are more prevalent, it may be interesting to epitomise the

explanation of the phenomenon. It is now well known that lightning is the dazzling light emitted by the electric spark when it shoots from clouds charged with electricity. In the lower regions of the atmosphere the light is white, but in the higher regions it takes a violet hue. The sudden expansion of the air by the electric discharge makes the molecular particles in the initial line suddenly strike against a mass of air, which to it is like a rigid wall, and in this rapid and violent concussion, generates a heat which becomes luminous in lightning. The zig-zag direction of some flashes is ascribed to the resistance offered by the air condensed by the passage of a strong charge. The spark then diverges from a straight line, and takes the direction of least resistance. This theory bears out the photographic result which cannot be accounted for by ordinary irradiation. For the forked lightning flash is always photographed as a line of finite breadth, even when the focal length is short and the focal adjustment is perfect.

It has been long known that the life-sustaining element in the composition of common air is oxygen; animals placed into it dance with exhilarating joy, and blown-out tapers burst into flame. After several animals had been breathing in a chamber of pure oxygen, Dr. B. W. Richardson collected the gas in the chamber and freed it from all but the oxygen, so that no chemical test was able to show any difference between its character and composition and those of freshly-made oxygen gas. When he passed this purified oxygen for the second time into the chamber, the animal soon became drowsy, and on repeating the experiment by successive purifications of the exhaled air the animals died. He concluded, then, that oxygen which had been repeatedly passed through the lungs of warm-blooded animals, however thoroughly purified from carbonic acid, watery vapour, and ammonia, no longer maintains life. It has become what is scientifically called "devitalised."

But the startling discovery still remains. He passed through the devitalised oxygen currents of electricity from a set of brushes connected with the positive pole of a frictional machine, and the gas had its vital energy restored: animals again lived in it with the customary sprightliness. He discovered that electricity restores to its vital state oxygen which has been rendered noxious by passing through the lungs of animals.

Before a thunderstorm everything has been so still for days that the oxygen in the air has been to some extent deprived of its life-sustaining power, and a feeling of drowsiness comes over all. The air has become partially devitalised, and is not fit to produce in man to the same degree the usual vitalising effects. But the lightning flashes restore the lost energy to the oxygen, and a feeling of exhilaration is experienced after the thunderstorm is over. What the electric flashes effected in the devitalised air of the chambers in which the experiments on the animals were made, the lightning flashes effect in the weakened air during sultry close weather. Vitalising power is restored to it. Thus a "thunderstorm clears the air."

After the passage of lightning, a highly peculiar odour is generally produced, attributed to what is called ozone; and Schönbein has shown that ozone is a peculiar allotropic modification of oxygen. Now does the vitality of oxygen depend on a trace of ozone, too minute to be detected by ordinary chemical methods, absorbed by the lungs of warm-blooded animals, and reproduced by electric action? If so, the health-giving benefits of the thunderstorm will compensate for any inconvenience experienced by the flooding from the copious rains which follow.

No phenomenon in nature combines more powerfully the elements of grandeur and awe than a violent thunderstorm. The sky is enveloped in blue-black clouds, threatening and lowering. The dark mountain peaks are scarcely visible. The hush of death silences all animate beings. A strange breathlessness possesses one. The leaves begin to tremble

—the only sound to stir the painful calm. Then suddenly, from the bosom of the sombre canopy, a brilliant flash of vivid light darts zig-zag to the earth, followed by a crackling noise, which softens in the distance into reverberating volumes of sound. Terror seizes the birds and beasts; all rush to hide themselves. Man, too, is not insensible to the awe-inspiring phenomenon. It is only those who, Elijah-like, are born to rule the storm, that can appreciate the unequalled grandeur. Yet, how beneficial to health is this vitalising agency! The air is restored to its normal grade of energy. The lightning has given fresh life to animated nature.

But the rain which accompanies or follows a thunderstorm also clears the air. Copious thunder-"plouts" level to the earth the millions of disease-germs that impregnate the atmosphere. It has now been acknowledged that near a large town the average number of bacterial micro-organisms is in summer about 500 per cubic yard. Of course, in a town the number is about sevenfold. Now the heavy rains carry these germs to the ground. After very dry weather, a cubic yard of rain has been found to contain 150,000 organic dust-germs, besides an enormous quantity of inorganic dust-particles. In a filthy town, no less than thirty millions of bacteria in a year will be deposited by the rain upon every square yard of surface. No wonder, then, that scientific men welcome the thunderstorm, which by the heavy showers removes from man and beast the terrible floating nuclei of disease and death. During the twenty-four hours before a thunderstorm, a man will require to breathe 37,500 bacteria, more or less active agents of sickness, besides millions upon millions of dead organic and inorganic dust-particles—a fact which makes one really marvel how he can possibly escape; yet, after the deposit of these germs by the joint action of electric current and copious rains, the air is far more wholesome.

Thunder clears the air, then, by the vitalising agency of the electric fluid in the partially devitalised air, and by the deposit of disease-germs upon the ground by the vivid flash of heaven's fire, and the gush of heaven's sewers. Lightning's power to "clear the air," then, seems to be established; and common sense, or rather common feeling and knowledge, again seems to have been in advance of scientific conclusions. Weather-lore, founded on centuries of experience of the workings of uniform nature, is well worth studying by even the most advanced savants.

INN AND KNAPSACK.

IT is pretty generally agreed that Great Britain does most of its reading in railway carriages; and the traveller who has even a rudimentary sense of time and distance can, with the help of the First Lord of the Treasury (who has given the subject much thought), select a work that shall be exactly commensurate with the journey it alleviates. A little practice will enable him to gauge accurately the necessary intervals for eating, opening and shutting the windows, getting out to weigh himself on the automatic machines at different stations, and treating his fellow-travellers with affability or active contumely, according to his mood. These matters are of the individual, who must judge for himself or ask his wife to do it for him; but it is astonishing with how few data the First Lord of the Treasury or a trusted subordinate will meet his case and provide a volume that will just last until the moment for strapping his rugs together. A further advantage of literature over alcohol as a soother of travel is that it shocks no sense of propriety if left behind on the seat. You must have a bottle to carry drink, and few have the moral courage to leave an empty bottle in the carriage.

But the best rule has exceptions, and there is a handful of the travelling public that likes to have something to read even after arriving at its goal.

There is intelligence in the desire; but little or none, as a rule, in the means taken to fulfil it. Many people, for instance, visit Tintagel annually; and quite a third of these will be found to take the "Idylls of the King" with them. It seems a natural thing to do, and until a handbook is written to forewarn them that Tintagel and Tennyson have no resemblance beyond the T. in both, they will continue to read the "Coming of Arthur" on the cliff's edge, and offer violence to their own sense of atmosphere.

The present paper is merely a plea for such a handbook; and it is hardly necessary to warn any publishers who may catch at the idea that they must select a colossal genius for the task of compiling it. It should have at least one chapter on "Books for the Knapsack," a subject on which nothing is known as yet beyond a few scattered propositions negative and particular, as that the "Encyclopædia Britannica," though a good book, won't do. And it should be worked in connection with an agency for supplying apt books at country inns. Everyone remembers Hazlitt's essay "On Going a Journey," and his note set down with careful joy that, "it was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the 'New Eloise,' at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." And in another essay of his the compiler of the proposed handbook shall find a passage to help him greatly, indeed it may illuminate like a flash of lightning. "The last time I tasted this luxury in its full perfection was one day after a sultry day's walk in summer between Farnham and Alton. I was fairly tired out; I walked into an inn-yard (I think at the latter place); I was shown by the waiter to what looked at first like common out-houses at the other end of it, but they turned out to be a suite of rooms, probably a hundred years old; the one I entered opened into an old-fashioned garden, embellished with beds of larkspur and a leaden Mercury; it was wainscoted, and there was a grave-looking dark-coloured portrait of Charles II. hanging over the tiled chimney-piece. I had 'Love for Love' in my pocket, and began to read; coffee was brought in in a silver coffee-pot; the cream, the bread-and-butter, everything was excellent, and the flavour of Congreve's style prevailed over all. . . . This circumstance happened just five years ago, and it seems like yesterday. If I count my life so by lustres it will soon glide away; yet I shall not have to repine if, while it lasts, it is enriched with a few such recollections."

One can almost hear Hazlitt smacking his lips. But it is to be remarked, as evidence of the difficulty of our task, that his was quite an exceptional congruence of place and book. A man might carry Congreve in his pocket for fifty years and never meet with this happy fluke. Nay, it may be laid down that Congreve is one of the very worst authors for a travelling companion, and that as a rule those books are best which are least bookish. George Borrow, for instance, with his slipshod periods and outrageous grammar, is a prince of good fellows in the open air; and there are few who would hesitate to kick aside "Paradise Lost" for a thin volume of Elizabethan lyrics. Indeed, the high and serious criticism of life which Matthew Arnold found to be the note of great poets, is so much heavy baggage on a journey. A line or two here and there may be recalled, and pleasantly tasted for miles; and a man has walked along a river-bank for a whole afternoon repeating, with tears, these few words—

. . . "when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

But protracted seriousness is only fit for the study. And as for our modern bards, they never step out of doors at all, it would seem. There was one in Oxford not long ago, who wrote a beautiful poem about the Finsteraarhorn. One day, because his health was failing, his friends took him up to the top of Shotover, when the strong air caused him to swoon in their

arms. So they carried him back to his own rooms, and only revived him by burning a sixpenny packet of incense. Yet he continued to write about storms.

One wants, in a book that is to be fit for a knapsack, great agility in laughter and tears, not without a certain mad want of balance; and that is why "Tristram Shandy" never comes amiss. "A Person of No Consequence" demanded in THE SPEAKER a few weeks ago if anyone could read "Tristram Shandy" through from beginning to end. If anyone could he would pay Sterne a poor compliment. Books, after all, have their peculiar uses, and to read "Liddell and Scott" from cover to cover would be to misunderstand the aim of its compilers. For the same reason the epicure would willingly find nothing but odd volumes in an inn library, and these should have a few pages missing. The present writer, for instance, can think of no more delightful treasure-trove than such a volume of Dumas—one of the "Viconte," for instance, or of the "Valois" lot—with half the middle gone. There is too much care, for our purpose, in most Frenchmen; though Daudet's little tales must be excepted for their quick feeling, and their out-of-door freedom and vividness, and because Charpentier has published a selection in a tiny volume that will just fit the corner of a knapsack, beside the hair-brush. Walton is much praised, and is excellent for Cockneys; Montaigne has devotees, so has Burns, and over Shakespeare's comedies there is no dispute. Of modern companions, Richard Jefferies would take many votes; and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," with the essays that follow it, may well be learnt by heart on a voyage. Thoreau is good, but not uniformly, being apt to irritate. You cannot beat Walt Whitman easily under a serene sky.

But these opinions are by the way. The crying want is that our English inns shall be carefully stocked with hap-hazard literature. This expression is deliberate, of course, for art is to conceal art. At present, the only book that is sure to greet one after a long day's tramp is a red-covered treatise on "Stammering: its Treatment and Cure." It lies in every inn-parlour in the kingdom, and will not bear re-perusal.

THRUMS GOSSIPS.

VIII.—A KITTLE QUESTION.

"IS he in, Chirsty?"

"He's in, Davit Lunan."

"Tell him, then, that he's wanted immediately at the saw-mill."

"I'll gie him no messages frae a man that cries them in so orra like at my window."

Lunan hurried through the pend to the door.

"Tammas?"

"Ay, Davit."

"But I canna win in. The door's stuck."

"That's because I'm standing on a stool here, winding up the clock. Is it onything partier?"

"It is so. You're wanted immediately at the saw-mill."

Just as the doctor takes another five minutes in his chair after he has been summoned to a bedside, Haggart went on calmly winding up the clock.

"She'll gang till you come back now, Tammas, and this thing's pressing."

"Dinna birse at the door, Davit, for the stool's never been siccar since Chirsty took to using one o' the legs for a poker. What's doing at the saw-mill?"

"I dinna ken, though. I was coming up the Marywellbrae the now when John Soutar ran into me panting. 'Quick, Davit,' says he in one burst, 'run to Tammas, and tell him to make his feet his friend as far as the saw-mill.' You can see it's something beyond ordinar."

"Wait a minute, then, till I wash my face."

"I woudna advise you to that. The midges is mighty troublesome the nicht."

"Ay, then I'll come as I am."

The two men set off down Wilkie's Roady. Lunan, as many noticed, trotted at the humourist's heels, looking up into his face at times like a dog; but this had for long been the tinsmith's way. No one imagined (whatever may be said now) that Lunan was about to give the most eerie instance on record of hero-worship. The town shivers at it still.

In the middle of the Marywellbrae they saw Soutar, who signed to them to hurry.

"What is't, John?"

"We have no time to speak, Tammas, for I warrant they're fechtin' already. Up wi' your feet and run."

"And land at the saw-mill, ignorant and out of breath, and yet expected to have something ready for them? I wonder at you, John Soutar. Davit, you can run on and say I'm coming. And now, John, tell me what's the position as we step along."

"Weel, then," answered Soutar, "it's Dite Deuchars and Andrew Rattray, and when I left them they were shaking their closed neives in one another's faces."

"Quarrelling?"

"And cursing."

"Andrew's no one o' the fechtin' kind except on the Tilliedrum fast day."

"Ay, and when his forgetfulness has put him in a passion."

"And syne, John, the forgetful crittur would fecht wi' himsel' rather than wi' any other body. I never kent a stock that had sic a scorn o' himsel'."

"Has Dite Deuchars no as muckle? When Dite wi' his extraordinar want o' luck has missed some sicht worth seeing, and that every crittur in Thrums saw except himsel', I'm thinking his self-contempt is as strong as Andrew's."

"It may be so, but when they're so equal what can they hae to fecht about?"

"About that very thing, as you may say. To begin at the beginning, Andrew and me was sitting on the saw-mill wheel, and Andrew had on his Sabbath coat, and I hadna, so we was speaking about that. 'The warst o' having on your blacks,' says the forgetful stock to me, 'is that you daurna so muckle as put your back agin a dyke for fear of filin' them. That's how I dandered down to the saw-mill,' says he, 'for though the sawdust sticks to the shoon, it doesna rise to the coat. In fact, John,' he goes on, 'there's no a clarty place about the saw-mill except the wheel, and a body can keep clear o' it.'"

"And he was on the wheel at that very minute?"

"He was on the wheel wi' his tails aneath him. It's as sure as death, Tammas, when I looked at the forgetful bit body sitting there so onuspiciouslike and congratulating himsel' on taking sic care o' his blacks, I had scarce the heart to speak. Ay, but it had to be done, so I says, 'And whaur might we be sitting the now, Andrew?' I says."

"He would be ta'en aback?"

"He a kind o' fell off the wheel wi' a heap o' the green sticking to him, and syne he cursed himsel'. Ay, ordinar forgetful folk would have cursed the wheel, but he cursed himsel'. Weel, at that minute Dite Deuchars danders up."

"You dinna tell me Dite was in luck at last?"

"I dinna, for he arrived just twa minutes late. The thing worth seeing, as you'll admit, was Andrew sitting on the wheel, saying nothing would make him sit on't. Ay, weel, I telt Dite what he had just missed, and the crittur's grief was heart-rending. 'If I hadna sat down to tie my boot-lace,' he cries, 'I would hae been in time.' Tammas, he fair grat."

"But what was the quarrel about?"

"I'm coming to that. There was the twa o' them scorning at themsels."

"Was ever there sic a fushionless fule as me," cries Andrew.

"I'm waur than you," cries Dite.

"I'm a born idiot!" cries Andrew.

"I'm no' fit to be a married man," cries Dite.

"You're mair like it than me, Dite Deuchars," Andrew cries.

"Am I?" roars Dite. "You'll take back those words, Andrew Rattray."

"I'll chap them down your throat rather," says Andrew.

"There's nothing particular shameful in being forgetful," cries Dite.

"It's a hantle waur than ill-luck," cries Andrew.

"I tell you," cries Dite, "I'm the maist doited, donnart gommeril in Thrums."

"You're no' a patch on me," cries Andrew, "and if you say you are you'll taste my fist."

"I'll fecht you for't," roars Dite, and wi' that, Tammas, I thocht it high time to come for you. The last I saw of them they were both stripping, and, Tammas, I noticed that Andrew wapped his coat into the wheel."

"So, so," Haggart answered, thoughtfully. "Weel, John, it's the queerest ploy I've heard tell o', and you can haud your wheesht now, for I want to think."

There was a lump on Deuchars's forehead, and Rattray was seeing best with his left eye. Lunan got a back stroke from both now and again.

"Halt," cried Haggart, sternly.

The combatants hesitated.

"You're no to conter, Tammas Haggart," said Lunan incredulously. "I'm thinking, lads, the most donnart gommeril among you maun be the ane that halts hinmost."

"In that case," cried both men, "I'll no be the first to halt."

"Davit Lunan, dinna fling in your word," said Haggart, sharply. "Andrew Rattray and Dite Deuchars, row down your sleeves, put on your waistcoats and your jackets, and be quick about it."

Trembling a little, the rivals did as they were bid.

"Now everybody stand still a minute," Haggart said, "till I consider, for it's a kittle question."

They were standing in this manner—Haggart had one foot on the wheel, Andrew and Dite were directly in front of him, John Soutar was scraping Andrew's coat. Strange to tell, however, the person on whom all should have had an eye was Davit Lunan. That Lunan was staring at Haggart there can be no doubt, for he seldom saw anything else if Haggart was at hand. Yet little conceiving what he was capable of no one at that moment gave Lunan a thought.

"What I have to say to the twa o' you," Haggart said—He got no further.

Lunan began to laugh. At first he laughed gently, then louder, louder, till they all gazed at him in fear. Soutar shook him, and had to let go, so uproarious had become the cachinnations—louder, louder, till Lunan fell among the sawdust. He was led home in a paroxysm of laughter, which lasted fifty minutes, and began again at ten o'clock.

Now that Lunan had in a flash discovered what Haggart was on the point of saying is as certain as that it must have been something sublime to take such instant and extraordinary effect. But what it was puzzles Haggart as much as any one, even as Lunan himself.

"It was ill-dune o' you, Davit," Haggart frequently says, "to run awa wi' what was meant for the whole o' Thrums."

To us the humourist explains:

"It took one loup frae me into Davit Lunan, and there it stuck."

J. M. BARRIE.

THE WEEK.

MR. FROUDE must have some curious memories of CARDINAL NEWMAN. He was at Littlemore in the days before NEWMAN's secession from the Church of England, and it fell to his lot on one occasion to have a strange experience with the Anglican clergyman who afterwards became CARDINAL MANNING. NEWMAN was told that MANNING

had preached a violent "No Popery" sermon, and he was so much vexed that he said to MR. FROUDE, "MANNING is sure to call to-morrow. You will be door-keeper, and you will tell him that I can't see him."

SURE enough, the expected visitor arrived, and it was MR. FROUDE's unpleasant duty to inform him that NEWMAN was at home, but would not receive him. The rebuff greatly distressed the unfortunate parson, with whom MR. FROUDE sympathised so much that he walked with him to Oxford, and did not remember till he was on the return journey that he had gone out without his hat.

TORY spite against MR. COURTNEY finds its most grotesque form in a paragraph in the *World*. MR. COURTNEY's reputation, it appears, has declined during the past session. "He seems to have been fairly cowed by the conduct of the Irish, and if ever he has shown courage it has been by snubbing MR. SMITH, or some Minister who he knew was too refined to resent it." Fancy the exquisite refinement of the Treasury Bench in declining to resent the bullying brutality of the Chairman of Committees when he refused to put the closure! The retiring delicacy of MR. SMITH shrank like a piece of fine porcelain from rough contact with the coarse iron vessel in the Chair.

WHAT honours are awaiting MR. T. W. RUSSELL? It is rumoured that the Ministry intend to give practical testimony of their appreciation of his services to their legislation, especially, no doubt, to the Dublin Corporation Bill. Does this portend a baronetcy? Is MR. RUSSELL to have something which will prevent him from making speeches and writing articles to show that the Union has been betrayed, and all is lost? A relative of MR. RUSSELL's was made a Land Commissioner; but there are pleasanter things than Commissionerships to be had, if disinterested zeal is only noisy enough.

OUR Tory contemporaries are making a great clamour about obstruction, but the voice of candour may be heard amongst them. "It is even possible," says the *World*, "that some day or other a policy of delay may be forced on a Conservative Opposition in conflict with a Radical Government; and having regard to the advent of such a contingency, we should be inclined to think once, twice, and even thrice before committing ourselves to any reform in our present Parliamentary procedure." "A policy of delay" is good, and so refined!

WHILE the House of Lords performs its function of irritating public feeling by thwarting those who wish to discourage reckless and irresponsible company promoters, a useful statistician has been finding out and publishing some figures which illustrate the extraordinary popularity of the system of making or losing money which our companies law permits. Already this year more than thirteen hundred joint-stock companies have been formed and registered in England, and the nominal capital which they boast of exceeds a hundred and thirty millions. Happily there is some falling off in the number of companies formed for mining and exploring; but even so the total of them reaches a hundred and thirty-eight, while the number of general commercial companies floated in these six months which fall under no distinctive head exceeds nine hundred by itself.

It may be seen from the report of the Civil Service Commissioners just published for the year 1889, that 4,212 women competed for 233 situations.

This means exactly 18 women for each berth, which is a decided improvement on the year 1888, when the number was 27 for each situation. It is to be hoped that the fortunate competitors will learn how to behave themselves civilly in the Post Office appointments given them, and how not to distress the busy folk requiring their services by giving themselves too many airs and graces.

THE latest report of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery is a very satisfactory one. Five portraits have been purchased, the most important of which is RAEBURN'S "Professor John Playfair," from the DUKE of SOMERSET'S collection. The price (£220 10s.) cannot be called extravagant. Fifteen portraits have been presented to the Gallery, including one painting and five sketches by JAMES ATKINSON, presented by his son, CANON ATKINSON. There is also LAWRENCE'S "Sir Elijah Impey," and the half-length portrait of BROWNING, painted by MR. LEHMANN in 1884, the gift of which by the artist was announced in the papers a week or two back.

THANKS to MR. W. H. ALEXANDER, who has taken LORD LAMINGTON'S place on the Board, the whole collection (900 portraits in all) will soon find a fitting home. The work at the back of Trafalgar Square is going on apace, and the trustees cannot but feel that the munificence of a gentleman whom they have now the pleasure to welcome as a colleague has extricated them from a position of extreme difficulty.

JUST now the Historical Manuscripts Commission* is producing four works, all of considerable interest. They deal with the collections of the DUKE of RUTLAND, MR. K. FLEMING of Rydal, and LORD COWPER at Melbourne Hall. It is to be wished that the seven volumes already published and out of print should be re-issued. One deals with St. Paul's, another with Canterbury Cathedral, and it is not easy to over-estimate their importance.

THE *St. James's Gazette* has been pouring out the vials of its wrath on the head of CAPTAIN VERNEY for raising objections to some charge in the estimates for the funeral of the late DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE. Such objections, it urges, "come with peculiarly bad grace from an officer of the army." We are not concerned here to defend CAPTAIN VERNEY'S action, much less to champion the language of his supporter, MR. CONYBEARE, whose frank and ardent sympathies too often blind him to the gulf which should divide vulgarity from patriotism. We only wish to point out that political taunts are better when based on exact information, and that the reproach of the paragraphist would have been more effective were it not for the fact that CAPTAIN VERNEY was never "an officer of the army" at all.

THE remains of SERGEANT-MAJOR COTTON, of the 7th Hussars, who fought at Waterloo, and afterwards founded the well-known Museum Hotel close on the battle-field, have been disinterred at Hougoumont, together with the bones of his friend, CAPTAIN JOHN LUCIE BLACKMAN, of the Coldstream Guards, and have been deposited in the Waterloo monument at the Brussels cemetery. The daughter of the Sergeant-Major, SISTER STANISLAS, Superior of the Sœurs de Marie Convent at Braine l'Alleud, was present at the ceremony. It is strange to think that this favourite daughter should have been content to retire to a convent, and leave the Museum Hotel to the niece of the sergeant. This niece is a strikingly handsome, although somewhat melancholy, woman, who is never tired of relating to visitors numerous incidents

of Waterloo, and who takes the greatest possible pride in the Waterloo collection in the hotel. One of her favourite cases is covered by a silken cloth. She reverently lifts this cloth, revealing to the spectators the ghastly skeleton heads of various soldiers which she has found from time to time on the site of the battlefield when any fresh earth has been turned.

"THE LIFE OF MR. P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S.," the popular naturalist and discoverer of the Aquarium, who died in 1888, is now completely in the printers' hands, and will be published by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & Co., early in the autumn. It contains a minute account, from journals and letters, of social life in Newfoundland from 1827 to 1835, which may be of special interest at this moment.

WE read in the *Arena* that MRS. MARION HARLAND, of the Western Hemisphere, has discovered that women who write ought not to marry. She writes to say so; which is scarcely as logical as her division of authoresses into those who write ill, and those who write well. Her case against the former we may accept; but it surprises us to learn that, when a literary wife writes well, "The development of what she esteems as her highest faculties acts upon him whom she loves as sun-heat upon an untilled field, drawing into the light noxious weeds of envy and spite." In other words, the husband grows jealous; and the short married life of CHARLOTTE BRONTË is quoted as a case of it.

NOW, MRS. MARION HARLAND is a lady who voluntarily exposed her ignorance on all that concerned CHARLOTTE BRONTË, in the *North American Review* the other day. The employment "of what she esteems her highest powers" acted as sun-heat upon one or two male persons (neither of them, as far as we know, MRS. HARLAND'S husband) who knew the subject, and drew into the light one or two noxious weeds of envy and spite in the shape of corrections on questions of fact. And now (unpleasant as it is) we must assert that MRS. HARLAND is not the exception which proves her own rule. It is as well to be brave (risking loss of sun-heat), and point out that for every instance of a woman who wrote well and was unhappy in married life, we shall be happy to present her with three exceptions to her rule, and will throw in as a make-weight some bits of information which may be of service to her next time she writes about CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

VERY little notice has been taken in the daily press of the death of MR. CHARLES GIBBON, the novelist. Probably this is due to the fact that for some years past MR. GIBBON'S powers had been manifestly on the wane. Yet the man who wrote "Auld Robin Gray" ought not to be allowed to pass from us without a word of hearty recognition of the true talent which he possessed, and which seemed likely at one time to give him no mean place among our novelists. MR. GIBBON, who was a gentle, kindly soul, very popular in certain journalistic circles, had long been in bad health. He died young—not yet forty-eight.

THE energy of MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN is one of the marvels of the age. It might be supposed that the business of making plays by the dozen was sufficient employment for any genius; but MR. BUCHANAN finds time to favour the world, through the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, with his profound reflections on all manner of subjects. Stupendous thoughts rush through his brain like a mill-stream, and he pauses in the middle of his comedy, or melodrama, or classic fantasy, or whatever

may be the brilliant piece of dramatic work he has in hand at the moment, in order to refresh a thirsty world with his ideas about Calvinism, the execution of KEMMLER, the suppression of the "Kreutzer Sonata" in America, "the catarrhine ape," "the bolts of ZEUS," "MR. EDISON'S bottled thunder," "the peculiarity of the Teuton," "the mean processes of the Unconscious," "the perfect freedom of moral evolution," and many other things of equal magnitude and coherence.

WE appeal to MR. BUCHANAN in the interests of public education to restrain this unexampled exuberance. The average human mind cannot assimilate these wonders of philosophy all at once. Let MR. BUCHANAN distribute his endowments. Let him put a little more of his surpassing intellect into his plays, and a little less into the *Daily Telegraph*. By this means he may raise the standard of the drama, even at the Adelphi, while the readers of his newspaper sermons may form an approximately accurate notion of what he is driving at.

THERE is a new terror for the theatrical manager. It is one of the penalties of his business to receive the blushing confidences of young ladies who want to go on the stage; but he little thinks that, seven years afterwards, a fantastic account of his interview with an aspirant of this kind may embellish the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and encourage any young woman to believe that she may induce Mr. Irving, after five minutes' acquaintance, to write a letter to Mr. Augustus Harris, who will offer her the costume of a "soldier" and two pounds a week. Evidently the feminine fancy is a good deal more liberal, after maturing for seven years, than the pay of a "soldier" at Drury Lane.

SOME surprise is expressed by American critics at MISS ADA REHAN'S success in London; and it is surmised on this side that there must be even greater prodigies who have not yet been sent over. The fact is that there are no prodigies except, perhaps, CLARA MORRIS, who is still a marvel of emotional force, but too old to make experiments with a new public. Two or three more veterans maintain a traditional standard of comedy; but of the charm which MISS REHAN exercises, there is no other exemplar, and none of the actresses who are copiously advertised through the Union are likely to seek their fortune here.

ENGLISHMEN with a literary turn, when they travel on the Continent, must beware of a certain fascinating foreigner. He is called LÉON D'EGVILLE (there is an infinity of romantic delusion in the very name), and he is a charming companion, with "an inexhaustible fund of anecdote." Unfortunately, this fund is nefariously recruited from stories which have already been printed. One of these he palmed off in sheer malignity upon the confiding COLONEL HUGHES-HALLETT, who was distressed to learn the other day that it had already appeared in German, French, and more than one English version, even to the very words of the dialogue which the too-fascinating D'EGVILLE had employed. As COLONEL HUGHES-HALLETT had published yet another version, this discovery has given him the pain which any candid and unsuspecting mind would naturally feel.

THE *St. James's Gazette* seems to suspect the utility of public libraries. It lays down the doctrine that "few men, indeed, read unless they have to struggle for the chance." This piece of wisdom is designed to discourage the idea that, if working-men have more leisure, they will cultivate their minds. It is almost as good as the statement by

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

another oracle not long ago, that national education is a huge mistake, as the country would be much better off if only a few children were endowed with the educational opportunities which lead to such blessed philosophy as this.

OBBER-AMMERGAU is not the only spot in Germany to which enthusiasts are hurrying this summer season. There meets this week at Constance an assemblage of those exceptional people known as Volapukers, to celebrate the festival of the "universal tongue." The programme includes the consecration of a banner and sundry conferences, amusements, and debates. Everything is to be said and done in Volapuk to show how rapidly the Volapukers are converting the world. Even in an age of fads we confess to finding it hard to sympathise with this odd passion. The fools of one generation may be, of course, the leaders of the next; but if the next generation is to speak or to countenance this gibberish, we would venture to hope that we may not survive our own.

THE feat of DALTON, the American, in swimming on his back from France to England, will naturally be compared with that which CAPTAIN WEBB accomplished just fifteen years ago. WEBB took twenty-one hours and three-quarters in crossing from Dover to a spot about two hundred yards west of Calais pier; DALTON was twenty-three hours and a half between Boulogne and Folkestone—a longer distance, in better weather, for WEBB met with chopping seas at the end of his swim. Both were shortish men, and powerfully developed about the chest and thighs, WEBB measuring 5 ft. 8 in. and DALTON only 5 ft. 5 in. The effect of the enormous exertion seems to have been the same in both cases—a tendency to delirium, followed by a sound sleep.

THE OMNIBUS.

ALL that follows was spoken in a small tavern, a stone's-throw from Cheapside, the day before I left London. It was spoken in a dull voice, across a greasy table-cloth, and amid an atmosphere so thick with the reek of cooking that one longed to change it for the torrid street again, to broil in an ampler furnace. Old Tom Pickford spoke it, who has been a clerk for fifty-two years in Tweedy's East India warehouse, and in all that time has never been out of London; but when he takes a holiday, spends it in hanging about Tweedy's and observing that unlovely place of business from the outside. The dust, if not the iron, of Tweedy's has entered into his soul; and Tweedy's young men know him as "The Mastodon." He is a thin, bald septuagenarian, with sloping shoulders and a habit of regarding the pavement when he walks, so that he seems to steer his way by instinct rather than sight. In general he keeps silence while eating his chop; and on this occasion there was something unnatural in his utterance, a divorce of manner between the speaker and his words such as one would expect in a Sybil declaiming under stress of the god. I fancied it had something to do with a black neck-tie that he wore instead of the blue bird's-eye cravat familiar to Tweedy's; and with his extraordinary conduct in refusing to-day the chop that the waiter brought, and limiting his lunch to cheese and lettuce.

Having pulled the lettuce to pieces, he pushed himself back a little from the table, looked over his spectacles at me, then at the tablecloth, and began in a dreamy voice:—

"Old Gabriel is dead. I heard the news at the office this morning, and went out and bought a black tie. I am the oldest man in Tweedy's now—older by six years than Sam Collins, who comes next; so there is no mistake about it. Sam is

looking for the place: I saw it in his eye when he told me, and I expect he'll get it. But I'm the oldest clerk in Tweedy's. Only God Almighty can alter that, and it's very satisfactory to me. I don't care about the money. Sam Collins will be stuck up over it, like enough; but he'll never write a hand like Gabriel's, not if he lives to be a hundred; and he knows it, and knows I'll be there to remind him of it. Gabriel's was a beautiful fist—so small, too, if he chose. Why, once, in his spare hours, he wrote out all the Psalms, with the headings, on one side of a folio sheet, and had it framed and hung up in his parlour, out at Shepherd's Bush. He died in the night—oh, yes, quite easily. He was down at the office all yesterday, and spoke to me as brisk as a bird. They found him dead in his bed this morning.

"I seem cut up about it? Well, not exactly. Ah, you noticed that I refused my chop to-day. Bless your soul, that's not on Gabriel's account. I am well on in years, and I suppose it would be natural of me to pity old men, and expect pity. But I can't: no, *it's only the young that I pity*. If you *must* know, I didn't take a chop to-day because I haven't the money in my pocket to pay for it. You see there was this black tie that I gave eighteenpence for: but something else happened this morning that I'll tell you about.

"I came down in a 'bus as usual. You remember what muggy weather it was up to ten o'clock—though you wouldn't think it, to feel the heat now. Well, the 'bus was packed, inside and out. At least, there was just room for one more inside when we pulled up by Charing Cross, and there he got in—a boy with a stick and a bundle in a blue handkerchief.

"He wasn't more than thirteen; bound for the Docks, you could tell at a glance; and by the way he looked about you could tell as easily that in stepping outside Charing Cross Station he'd set foot on London stones for the first time. God knows how it struck him—the slush and drizzle, the ugly shop-fronts, the horses slipping in the brown mud, the crowd on the pavement pushing him this side and that. The poor little chap was standing in the middle of it with dazed eyes, like a hare's, when the 'bus pulled up. His eyelids were pink and swollen; but he wasn't crying, though he wanted to. Instead, he gave a gulp as he came on board with stick and bundle, and tried to look brave as a lion.

"I'd have given worlds to speak to him: but I couldn't. On my word, sir, I should have cried. It wasn't so much the little chap's look. But to the knot of his bundle there was tied a bunch of cottage-flowers—Sweet Williams, Boy's Love, and a rose or two—and the sight and smell of them in that stuffy omnibus were like tears on thirsty eyelids. It's the young that I pity, sir. For Gabriel, in his bed up at Shepherd's Bush, there's no more to be said, as far as I can see; and as for me, I'm the oldest clerk in Tweedy's, which is very satisfactory. It's the young faces, set towards the road along which we have travelled, that trouble me. Sometimes, sir, I lie awake in my lodgings and listen, and the whole of this London seems filled with the sound of children's feet running, and I can sob aloud. You may say that it is only selfishness, and what I really pity is my own boyhood. I daresay you're right. It's certain that, as I kept glancing at the boy and his sea-kit, and his bunch of flowers, my mind went back to the January morning, sixty-five years back, when the coach took me off for the first time from the village where I was born, to a London charity school. I was worse off than the boy in the omnibus, for I had just lost father and mother. Yet it was the sticks and stones and flower-beds that I mostly thought of. I went round and said good-bye to the lilacs, and told them to be in flower by the time I came back. I said to the rose-bush, 'You must be as high as my window next May; you know you only missed it by three inches last summer.' Then I went to the cow-house, and kissed the cows one by one. They were to be sold by

auction the very next week, but I guessed nothing of it, and ordered them not to forget me. And last I looked at the swallows' nests under the thatch—the last year's nests—and told myself that they would be filled again when I returned. I remembered this; and how I stretched out my hands to the place from the coach-top; and how at Reading, where we stopped, I spent the two shillings that I possessed in a cocoa-nut and a bright clasp-knife; and how I broke the knife in opening the nut; and how, when I opened it, the nut was sour; and how I cried myself to sleep, and woke in London.

"The young men in Tweedy's, though they respect my long-standing there, make fun of me at times, because I never take a holiday in the country. Why, sir, *I dare not*. I should wander back to my old village, and— Well, I know how it would be then. I should find it smaller and meaner; I should search about for the flowers and nests, and listen for the music that I knew sixty-five years ago, and remember; and they would not be discoverable. Also every face would stare at me; for all the faces I know are dead. Then I should think I had missed my way and come to the wrong place; or (worse) that no such spot ever existed, and I have been cheating myself all these years: that, in fact, I was mad all the while, and have no stable reason for existing—I, the oldest clerk in Tweedy's! To be sure, there would be my parents' head-stones in the churchyard. But what are they, if the churchyard itself is changed?

"As it is, with £300 *per annum* and enough laid by to keep him, if I fail, an old bachelor has no reason to grumble. But the sight of that little chap's nosegay and the thought of the mother who tied it there, made my heart swell as I fancy the earth must swell when rain is coming. His eyes filled once and he brushed them under pretence of pulling his cap forward, and stole a glance round to see if anyone had noticed him. The other passengers were busy with their own thoughts, and I pretended to stare out of the window opposite; but there was the drop, sure enough, on his hand as he laid it on his lap again.

"He was bound for the Docks and thence for the open sea, and I, that was bound for Tweedy's only, had to get out at the top of Cheapside. I know the 'bus-conductor—a very honest man—and, in getting out, I slipped half-a-crown into his hand to give to the boy, with my blessing, at his journey's end. When I picture his face, sir, I wish I had made it five shillings, and gone without a new tie and dinner altogether."

Q.

POLITICS IN AUSTRALIA.

MELBOURNE, July 7.

THE Ministry have triumphed over the vote of want of confidence, and more signally than their most sanguine friends expected. As the debate proceeded, the extreme weakness of the charges brought became more and more evident; and public opinion in the country declared itself distinctly, though not very energetically, against a change of administration for the mere convenience of office-seekers. Accordingly, though the Ministry lost five supporters in whose loyalty no one had ever placed much confidence, this loss was exactly compensated by the gain of five votes from the opposite side; the balance being thus held even by men who still sit with the Opposition, but who consider that the time has not yet come for it to take office. On the whole, I think, the division has left the Government with a diminished prestige of firm following, but stronger for the moment. It is an unequivocal victory to have triumphed by twenty-one votes in a House of ninety-one; but it is less satisfactory to know that half of this majority has been derived from men who still think themselves obliged to sit in the hostile ranks. In fact, if it were not for the general doubt whether so motley a body

as an Opposition which blends the leading Catholics with some of the leading Orange-men in the House, the most ardent temperance men with the representatives of the publican interest, could ever combine to form a strong Government in matters affecting education and social reform, the Gillies-Deakin Cabinet would now be fighting for its life. As it is, the dexterity of its chiefs may keep a majority together till the end of the Session.

The real danger just now lies in the Railway Bill. The country insists on having more railways, and as the lines already constructed traverse all the best peopled parts, and most of the easy country, it goes without saying that the new lines will be costly and, for a time, unremunerative. Accordingly, while 6,000 miles have been asked for, Mr. Gillies has only found it possible to propose about 800. Naturally, there has been great disappointment, and it is amusing to see how some of the severest economists in Parliament and on the Press have suddenly discovered that our resources are undervalued, that it would be folly to stint the growth of a young country, and that, though we ought to renounce the practice of borrowing foreign capital as soon as possible, we must first contract an additional loan of ten or twelve millions. Side by side with this there is an attempt to show that our engineers are too Conservative in their plans, and that we want rough-and-ready lines, like some of the American, rather than roads which rival the English in solidity. The practical answers to these arguments are that it will be poor economy to introduce a break of gauge, and that to dispense with stations and fences, or to make light earthworks and to use light rails, are expedients that only postpone and do not save expense. Meanwhile, a caucus of members from both sides of the House has been sitting to consider the situation. Its members have taken a pledge to be loyal to one another; and it is understood that they intend to offer the Government an ultimatum of constructing an additional 400 miles of railway. What the Government will elect to do is uncertain; but it seems probable that they will stipulate for carrying their own lines as they stand, and will then agree to the desired increase, on condition that the cost be spread over six or eight years, and that the interest of the new loan be provided for more or less completely by extraordinary taxation. The position is not a pleasant one for any Cabinet to occupy, and it is one that recurs with unfailing regularity whenever a Railway Bill is introduced. Mr. Service had his hand forced in precisely this way six years ago. The best that can be said is that Mr. Speight, whom we imported from England to manage our railways on commercial principles, is quite as enthusiastic about their prospects as any private member lobbying for a line, and, I believe, thinks that it would be easy to form a syndicate in England, which should arrange to take our lines with all their liabilities, and construct, without cost to the State, all the additional mileage likely to be voted. In short, we are not likely to do more than private enterprise would do if it had the field to itself.

I must not, however, let your readers suppose that it is the actual state of our railways over which Mr. Speight is or can be enthusiastic. The fact, undoubtedly, is that they are a splendid property, but as long as they are in the hands of the State they will never be really profitable. In saying this I do not refer to the fact that as soon as there is a small surplus Parliament applies it to a reduction of freights, and has never yet made adequate provision for wear and tear. That may be a justifiable policy. What I think the fatal blot of our State-managed railways is that the Commissioners are not allowed to engage the best men they can find, or to dismiss lazy and insubordinate hands, or to pay the market rate of wages. The men are chosen by ballot and examination; except in extreme cases they are practically irremovable, as civil servants generally are, and the worst paid get six shillings a day, or

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about twenty-five per cent. more than they could get from private employers, taking one month with another. This would not matter very much if Parliament were content to leave an abnormally high rate of pay as it has stood for years. Unhappily, the Cleons of the Assembly, when there is no other popular cry to work upon, are fond of proposing an additional sixpence a day to these men, who are already numbered by thousands; and every man who voted against the proposal in the last Parliament lost a good many votes in consequence at the recent election. The increase was affirmed last session, and Mr. Gillies will be forced to carry it into effect before Christmas. The danger of course is that we may have to go on raising salaries in the same way. Many of us would not shrink from additional taxation if we could raise wages all round and so increase the permanent standard of comfort for the working classes. What dismays us about partial measures of this kind is that they really tend to increase poverty among us, and to make its burden more bitter to bear. If we distribute the sum we can afford to pay away in wages among 12,000 instead of among 13,000 men, it stands to reason that 1,000 are kept out of State employ, and will go to swell the great army of men willing to work for twenty or even fifteen shillings a week and their keep. No wonder the dream of the working man in Victoria is to get a "billet" under the State, and small wonder also that the State employés have become so numerous as practically to dictate to the administration.

The proposal to send members to a Federal Congress has been carried easily in the Assembly, through the support of the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Munro, who persuaded his followers to give it a silent vote. Two leading members, Sir Bryan O'Loughlen and Mr. Maclean, denounced the proposal as dangerous to local industry, and there were, I imagine, several who sympathised with them; but the general feeling was too strong to be resisted, and the vote was practically unanimous. If Mr. Munro was partly influenced by a desire to bring on the Railway Bill with all possible speed, this hardly detracts from the service he has rendered to Federation, and the regret sometimes expressed, that so great a subject has not been adequately debated, seems to me a mistaken one. If the debate had lasted beyond a night, it would probably have spread over a month, and many of the speeches would have been the merest winnowing of chaff. The Council seems disposed to make up for the silence of the Assembly by a good deal of fervid oratory, and is a good deal fretted at the arrangement which only gives it two members against five to the Lower House. A telegram from England has announced that the Crown is keeping honours in reserve for the statesmen who shall make Federation a reality, and a good many are said to covet the opportunity of distinction. On the whole, the choice of members promises to be good. The three members designated from the Ministerialist side, Mr. Gillies, Mr. Deakin, and Mr. Wrixon, could not be bettered. Mr. Wrixon, the only one whose name is not familiar to your readers through Sir Charles Dilke's book, is the Attorney-General, a speaker of real eloquence, and a man of singularly high character. The Opposition have been less fortunate in their selection. Mr. Munro would have been unimpeachable, even though he had not been leader; but the outside world thinks that the second choice ought to have fallen upon Mr. Shiels, or at least Sir Brian O'Loughlen. Mr. Shiels had the fault of being too young for the veterans of the party, and they have substituted Colonel Smith, of whom I need only say that he has great experience of public life, and is generally popular. In the Council, Mr. Cuthbert, the Minister of Justice, and Mr. Service are the present nominees; but Mr. Service vows he will not act, ostensibly for private reasons, but really, it is believed, because he regards the Congress as an undoing of his own work, the existing Federal Council. Should he persist in his

refusal, it is likely that the President, Sir James Macbain, or, failing him, Sir F. Sargood, will be chosen. Sir F. Sargood was a very efficient Minister of Defence, and could hold his own as a debater in an Assembly where the average of speaking is likely to be good.

You will have noticed that the fate of the survivors of the Light Brigade has attracted a deep interest in Victoria. At first the report that some twenty of these men were starving appeared incredible, and many subscriptions were withheld in consequence. By the time we got authentic intelligence it appeared that the English public was doing its duty, and we shall accordingly only send a trifling sum of some £400 in token of sympathy. The Imperial officers in our service have, as a rule, discouraged the subscription, declaring that it was an impertinence for us to meddle in a matter of purely English concern. It is one proof out of many we have had that these gentlemen are hopelessly unable to understand colonial feeling. The material advantages of our connection with England impress us less than they should. We think England would continue to send us goods and lend us money though we separated. We think we run no real risk of foreign invasion, and that our great danger is of being involved in one of England's quarrels with France or Russia. Our strongest links to the Empire are a feeling for the mother country as "home," and a pride in the great deeds, great thoughts, and living words that have passed into national life. If British history were as inglorious as that of Roumania or a South American republic, we should not at this moment be a British dependency.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—Perhaps you will kindly allow me, as an opponent of the Home Rule Bill of 1883, but a supporter of the federal idea of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to make a few remarks on E. D.'s letter.

In the first place, his remark about the British oak seems to me to show an utter ignorance of the real point of the question. The essential basis of our position is twofold. In the first place, we are nationalists; in the second place, Imperialists. Now, as nationalists, we maintain that Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are each nations possessing different historical traditions, and for that very reason different social and political views from those of England. For this reason we hold, rightly or wrongly, that they can never get fair justice on purely local questions in a Parliament in which they are always outvoted by English members; and we see that this must (and does) lead to friction and irritation between England and her sister nationalities. That the system has lasted as well as it has done, is simply due to the fact that until 1835 the popular sentiment of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland was scarcely represented in Parliament, as the upper class in all the three countries, who controlled Parliamentary representation, was thoroughly Anglicised. To remodel our political system on a national basis is, in truth, no scheme of doctrinal Radicalism, but simply a recognition of the historical basis of society which was the grand idea of Burke's political philosophy.

Secondly, we advocate Home Rule all round because we are Imperialists. We prefer the grander union of a free federated Empire to the paper union embodied in the Scotch and Irish Acts of Union and the Welsh Statutes of Edward I. and Henry VIII. We feel that until Parliament is set free from local and national questions, it can never do full justice to the affairs of our world-wide Empire. We see that when federalism is introduced into our own constitution, colonial representation—and it is impossible to suppose that the colonies will endure much longer to have as little voice in their foreign relations as if they were subjects of the Czar—will present no difficulties, while it will be amply justified by every democratic sentiment. Federalism will not suit Englishmen, we are told; if so, I can only say so much the worse for the Englishmen's Empire. It is conceivable if England was a country like Norway, that the existing Parliamentary Constitution might have worked well for many a century to come; but even were nationalist ideas out of the way, no man with sense can suppose that a constitution devised for the government of a small island could possibly meet the needs of a world-wide Empire. No men supported the *status quo* so fiercely as Mr. John Bright and Mr. Goldwin Smith; but Imperial "Unionists" would do well to bear in mind that no two men ever lived who believed less in the future of the Empire. "Unionists" are fond of irrelevant historical parallels; let me give them one that is not absolutely irrelevant. Their talk about

the constitution and the oak is strikingly like the language that Cicero and the Roman Conservatives of almost two thousand years ago used of the preservation of the ancient Republic, which really meant the government of the world by a body qualified only to be a County Council for Rome and its immediate neighbourhood. G. D. and his friends will not end like Cicero and his colleagues; they will not, if successful, land us in military despotism; but I firmly believe that their victory would lose us the Empire. In conclusion, let me say that we are willing to go by degrees. Even the "wild" *Pall Mall Gazette* says "one step at a time." Keep the Irish members with full powers, and you will have set a ball rolling which will assuredly result—first in Home Rule all round, and afterwards in Imperial Federation. Home Rule in 1886 failed because it was a policy of despair; Home Rule in 1892 will succeed because it will be a policy of hope. This policy of hope has been strongly maintained in your columns by Sir C. G. Duffy, and may I, writing as one who largely owes his political salvation to *THE SPEAKER*, express a wish that his policy will in the end be the policy of your paper?—Your obedient servant,
J. A. P.
London, August 14th, 1890.

SIR,—Your correspondent E. D. seems entirely to miss the point of the discussion as to the advisability of Mr. Gladstone's defining the terms of his next Home Rule Bill.

The great object of Mr. Gladstone and his followers is to completely satisfy the Irish people. The method they advocate to bring about that result is the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin, with an Executive responsible to it, to deal with exclusively Irish affairs.

In order to further the establishment of such a Parliament and Executive Mr. Gladstone would naturally desire to satisfy the scruples of all those who might under any circumstances be willing to support this policy. But E. D. declares himself to be "a wicked Liberal Unionist;" and if the phrase means anything, it means that he is not in favour of an Irish Parliament and Executive at all. What motive, then, has Mr. Gladstone or any of his followers to define to E. D. the terms of the next Bill? Before we can see any object in doing that we must first convert E. D. to the principle of an Irish Parliament and Executive.

But I regret extremely that Mr. J. Colquhoun Reade, or some Home Ruler with scruples, who wants Mr. Gladstone to define the terms of his Bill, has not accepted the challenge I made in your columns, and stated what his scruples are.

I desire to point out that there is even less excuse for this reticence now than when Mr. Reade's letter appeared; for on the day on which my letter in reply to him appeared in your columns, there was published in the *Daily News* a letter written by Mr. Gladstone in which he says: "The changes in the plan of Home Rule on which Mr. Caine appears to have formed his own judgment, as he is entitled to do, are those only which have been stated very fully in speeches made long ago by myself and probably by others."

Those who want Mr. Gladstone to define the terms of his Bill, therefore, now know that it is the old Bill plus the retention of the Irish members they have to expect. What objections have they to that?—I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

E. J. C. MORTON.

Home Rule Union, 9, Bridge Street, S.W.,
August 14th, 1890.

SIR,—I wish to correct a few errors with regard to myself in Mr. Walker's letter of August 11th.

I am not a runaway! I am perfectly serious. I see no reason to alter a single word of my first letter; and, as it was written to try and elicit the views of Mr. Gladstone on the next Home Rule Bill, not those of Mr. Walker, I trust the latter gentleman will excuse my not entering into any discussion with him.—I remain, your obedient servant.

Brooks's, St. James's Street, J. COLQUHOUN READE.
August 16th, 1890.

THE MYTHICAL AMERICAN ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to enter protest against the "Literary Causerie" article of last week, in which a so-called "American Academy" is discussed. The *Critic*, a weekly literary review, published in New York, the chief organ of American men of letters, bears a high reputation for ability and, above all, honesty. The "Academy" of which it speaks has a purely hypothetical existence, and is evoked at this time only to measure the relative popularity of certain writers, and for this purpose no agent could be better qualified than the *Critic* under its present editorship. To refer to such a list as a "Newspaper Academy" is to confuse a periodical of most respectable character with daily papers of merely sensational character.

As to the members themselves no two Americans will agree, and far less two Englishmen. An American selecting an English Academy thinks first of those whose writings are

sympathetic, and secondly, of their absolute value—and I see that your "Causeur" does the same from his point of view. From a London view, Henry James and two or three others include all there is of American fiction, because these happen to be always near at hand. A German gentleman, who had been tutor to the Kaiser, told me seriously, two years ago, that America had but one man of original ideas or genius, and his name was Cary. He referred to a gentleman of that name who undertook to formulate a politico-economic system with Protectionism as its basis, and who produced a book which no respectable seat of learning has yet ventured to adopt as a text-book. To the average German Protectionist this same Cary must be included in any American Academy, even though his name at home be scarcely known. Yale University is made to furnish two names, Whitney, the eminent lexicographer—and Noah Porter! As well put Tennyson and Oscar Wilde together. Professor Porter has written books most wearisome to read, is a man beloved by those who know him, but not to be classed with men of originality. Professor C. E. Norton of Harvard is another eminently tiresome ex-cathedra teacher. Both together have not a tittle of the force and originality of Professor W. G. Sumner of Yale, whose name is not mentioned, though his work amongst economists is rated as highly as that of James Bryce amongst publicists. And if Walt Whitman is to be named, surely then Henry George should not be omitted.

A MEMBER OF THE CENTURY CLUB,
New York.

THE SAVILE CLUB.

SIR,—If it is worth while writing of a private club it is surely to be desired that what is said should at least be accurate. The "Rambler" who wrote of the Savile in last week's *SPEAKER* has obviously not mastered the art of writing well on things which he knows nothing about. The Savile Club has been pretty well spoken of for more than a quarter of a century and never mentioned once in any print except in terms of derision or contempt. The explanation is that these writers vainly tried to become members of a body which they longed to join, but could not, and never can. One of these well-known disappointed ones spoke of the Savile in its middle life as a collection of Prigs, Atheists, and Saturday Reviewers. There is more spite than truth in the statement. Of prigs there may be one or two. Atheists must muster well, for the Savile contains many—well, say—thirty parsons, and more than double the number of Fellows of the Royal Society. Saturday Reviewers will not fail, for are not its Editor and many of his staff lively members of the Club. But the Savile holds no idlers, loafers, professional capitalists, or rich men, or men who trade in other people's money; it is essentially a working man's club, such working men who glory in work, who will die working, because they cannot live without work, and would not if they could. Here may be found Cabinet Ministers, Judges, and other lawyers, soldiers, professors of all the liberal arts, actors and other artists, doctors, architects, teachers of all the sciences, astronomers, novelists, editors of many kinds, publishers, paper-makers, inspectors of various sorts, engineers, some poets—among whom will probably be the prigs—country gentlemen, and a couple of princes. It speaks well for the Savile that considerably more than one hundred of its original members continue active members of the club. Its first name was the "New Club," and a well-deserving name it was, for the entrance fee was only two guineas, its annual subscription two guineas, and its members were allowed to have women once a week to dinner at the club house. The club was born in Cockspur Street, it subsequently took lodgings in Spring Gardens, and began housekeeping in Savile Row, when it abolished the women and changed its name. Being at that time managed for the most part by men utterly innocent of business or of the value of money, the club got into debt and came nigh unto going to a worse state. There are many traditions, but they are of a strictly private nature, some of which could not be allowed to appear in print. He who writes this letter has known the Savile for more than twenty years, and has during that time dined at its hospitable board more than a thousand times. The table-talk is often excellent, there is more champagne drunk at dinner than at any other London club. No member, according to the rules, can enter the club-house after midnight, although many are the times in course of the year when those who have dined have not gone home till morning. The club containing so many soldiers, and members of the inferior clergy, it is only natural that one should now and then hear some pretty oaths; but they are quite natural, seldom used for show, and never heard outside the door. How different is all this to the inadvertencies of *THE SPEAKER*? But this is written by one who knows the Savile, and the other by one who could never have been inside its house. It is a tolerably good sign of the healthy state of the club to find that there are not more than four or five vacancies and more than ninety candidates waiting to fill them up.

ONE WHO KNOWS IT.

[Surely our correspondent is abnormally sensitive.—ED.]

MUNICIPAL DEATH DUTIES.

SIR,—The Municipal Death Duty suggested in your last week's article would be entirely just, and a most valuable addition to local revenues, but I venture to express the hope that it will not be frittered away by being thrown into the common funds to assist the ordinary rates, and thus practically become simply an addition to those rapidly increasing "grants in aid," which are among the most mischievous and slipshod of financial expedients.

It is now, I think, some two or three years since the Rev. S. Barnett, of Whitechapel, in a little book entitled "Practicable Socialism," made a similar suggestion of a local graduated death duty on large estates, but with the important proviso that the proceeds should be "ear-marked" and appropriated to special purposes, such as public libraries and art galleries, schools of art and higher and technical education—objects for which, as being among the luxuries of local government, the ordinary ratepayer is the most unwilling to be taxed, but in aid of which it is universally recognised to be right and proper that rich men in every locality should leave a portion of their wealth.

I think that those who believe that these so-called luxuries are among the essentials of a vigorous and healthy social life, and yet have felt the difficulty of laying extra taxation for such purposes upon those who, in many cases, are struggling hard for daily bread, will recognise that this is a luminous suggestion well worthy of careful consideration when the time comes for that revision of local taxation and government which will be one of the first duties of the victorious Liberal party.—I am, yours truly,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Scarborough, August 19th, 1890.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

Friday, August 22, 1890.

TO the inveterate truth-hunter there has been much of melancholy in the very numerous estimates, hasty estimates no doubt, but all manifestly sincere, which the death of Cardinal Newman has occasioned.

The nobility of the pursuit after truth wherever the pursuit may lead has been abundantly recognised. Nobody has been base enough or cynical enough to venture upon a sneer. It has been marvellous to notice what a hold an unpopular thinker, dwelling very far apart from the trodden paths of English life and thought, had obtained upon men's imaginations. The "man in the street" was to be heard declaring that the dead Cardinal was a fine fellow. The newspaper-makers were astonished at the interest displayed by their readers. How many of these honest mourners, asked the *Globe*, have read a page of Newman's writings? It is a vain inquiry. Newman's books have long had a large and increasing sale. They stand on all sorts of shelves, and wherever they go a still, small voice accompanies them. They are speaking books; an air breathes from their pages.

"Again I saw and I confess'd
Thy speech was rare and high,
And yet it vex'd my burden'd breast,
And scared I knew not why."

It is a strange criticism that recently declared Newman's style to lack individuality. Oddity it lacked, and mannerisms, but not, so it seems to us, individuality.

But this wide recognition of Newman's charm both of character and style cannot conceal from the anxious truth-hunter that there has been an almost equally wide recognition of the futility of Newman's method and position.

Method and Position! These were sacred words with the Cardinal. But a few days ago he seemed securely posed before the world. It cannot surely have been his unrivalled dialectics only that made men keep civil tongues in their heads or hesitate to try conclusions with him. It was rather, we presume, that there was no especial occasion to speak of him otherwise than with the respect and affection due to honoured age. But when he is dead—it is different. It is necessary then to gauge

his method and to estimate his influence, not as a living man, but as a dead one.

And what has that estimate been? The Saintly Life, the Mysterious Presence, are admitted, and well-nigh nothing else. All sorts of reasons are named, some plausible, all cunningly contrived, to account for Newman's quarrel with the Church of his baptism. A writer in the *Guardian* suggests one, a writer in the *Times* another, a writer in the *Saturday Review* a third, and so on.

However much these reasons may differ one from another, they all agree in this, that of necessity they have ceased to operate. They were personal reasons, and perished with the man whose faith and actions they controlled. Nobody else, it has been throughout assumed, will become a Romanist for the same reasons as John Henry Newman. If he had not been brought up an Evangelical, if he had learnt German, if he had married, if he had been made an archdeacon, all would have been different.

There is something positively terrible in this natural history of Opinion. All the passion and the pleading of a life, the thought and the labour, the sustained argument, the library of books—reduced to what—a series of accidents.

Newman himself well knew this aspect of affairs. No one's plummet since Pascal's had taken deeper soundings of the infirmity—the oceanic infirmity—of the intellect. What actuary, he asks contemptuously, can appraise the value of a man's opinions? In how many a superb passage does he exhibit the absurd, the hap-hazard fashion in which men and women collect the odds and ends, the bits and scraps they are pleased to place in the museum of their minds, and label, in all good faith, their convictions! Newman almost revels in such subjects. The solemn pomposity which so frequently dignifies with the name of Research or Inquiry the feeble scratchings amongst heaps of verbosity had no more determined foe than the Cardinal.

But now the same measure is being meted out to him, and we are told of a thinker's life—it is nought.

He thought he had constructed a way of escape from the City of Destruction for himself and his followers across the bridge of that Illative Tense which turns conclusions into assents, and opinions into faiths—but the bridge seems no longer standing.

The writer in the *Guardian* who attributes Newman's restlessness in the English Church to the smug and comfortable life of many of its clergy rather than to any especial craving after authority, no doubt wrote with knowledge.

A married clergy seemed always to annoy Newman. Readers of "Loss and Gain" are not likely to forget the famous "pork chop" passage, which describes a young parson and his bride bustling into a stationer's shop to buy hymnals and tracts. What was once only annoyance at some of the ways of John Bull on his knees, soon ripened into something not very unlike hatred. Never was any invention less *ben trovato* than that which used to describe Newman as pining after the "incomparable liturgy" or the "cultured society" of the Church of England. He hated *ex animo* all those aspects of Anglicanism which best recommend it to Erastian minds. A Church of which sanctity is *not* a note is sure to have many friends.

Last week's *Saturday Review* strikes a fine, national note:—

"An intense but narrow conception of personal holiness, and personal satisfaction with dogma, ate him (Newman) up—the natural legacy of the Evangelical school in which he had been nursed, the

great tradition of Tory Churchmanship, of pride in the Church of England, as such, of determination to stand shoulder to shoulder in resisting the foreigner, whether he came from Rome or from Geneva, from Tübingen or from Saint Sulpice, of the union of all social and intellectual culture with theological learning—the idea which, alone of all such ideas, has made education patriotic, and orthodoxy generous, made insufficient appeal to him, and for want of it he himself made shipwreck.”

Here is John Bullism, bold and erect. If the Ark of Peter won't hoist the Union Jack, John Bull must have an Ark of his own, with patriotic clergy of his own manufacture tugging at the oar, and with nothing foreign in the hold save some sound old port. “It will always be remembered to Newman's credit,” says this same reviewer, “that he knew good wine if he did not drink much.” Mark the If; a writer nursed in the Evangelical school would have written “though.”

We are now provided with two causes of Newman's discomfort in the Church of England—its too comfortable clergy, and its too frequent introduction of the Lion and the Unicorn amongst the symbols of religion—both effective causes, as may be proved by many passages; but to say that either or both availed to drive him out, and compelled him to seek shelter at the hands of one whom he had long regarded as a foe, is to go very far indeed.

It should not be overlooked that these minimisers of Newman's influence are all firmly attached for different reasons to the institution Newman left. Their judgments therefore cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. What Disraeli meant when he said that Newman's secession had dealt the Church of England a blow under which it still reeled, was that by this act Newman expressed before the whole world his profound conviction that our so-called National Church was not a branch of the Church Catholic. And this really is the point of weakness upon which Newman hurled himself. This is the damage he did to the Church of this island. Throughout all his writings, in a hundred places, in jests and sarcasms as well as in papers and arguments, there crops up this settled conviction that England is not a Catholic country, and that John Bull is not a member of the Catholic Church.

This may not matter much to the British electorate; but to those who care about such things, who rely upon the validity of orders and the efficacy of sacraments, who need a pedigree for their faith, who do not agree with Emerson that if a man would be great he must be a Nonconformist—over these people it would be rash to assume that Newman's influence is spent. The general effect of his writings, the demands they awaken, the spirit they breathe, are all hostile to Anglicanism. They create a profound dissatisfaction with, a distaste for, the Church of England as by law established. Those who are affected by this spirit will no longer be able comfortably to enjoy the maimed rites and practices of their Church. They will feel their place is elsewhere, and sooner or later they will pack up and go. It is far too early in the day to leave Newman out of sight.

But to end where we began. There has been scant recognition in the Cardinal's case of the usefulness of devoting life to anxious inquiries after truth. It is very noble to do so, and when you come to die, the newspapers, from the *Times* to the *Sporting Life*, will point out, after their superior fashion, how much better was this pure-minded and unworldly thinker than the soiled politician, full of opportunism and inconsistency, trying hard to drown the echoes of his past with his loud vociferations, and then proceed in a few short sentences to establish how out of date is this Thinker's thought, how false his reasoning, how impossible his conclusions, and lastly, how dead his influence.

It is very puzzling and difficult, and drives some men to collect butterflies and beetles. Thinkers are not, however, to be disposed of by scratches of the pen. A Cardinal of the Roman Church is not, to say the least of it, more obviously a shipwreck than a Dean or even a Bishop of the English Establishment. Character, too, counts for something. Of Newman it may be said—

“Fate gave what chance shall not control,
His sad lucidity of soul.”

But the truth-hunter is still unsatisfied.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

PAUSANIAS REVISED.

MYTHOLOGY AND MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT ATHENS. Being a translation of a portion of the “Attica” of Pausanias. By Margaret de G. Verrall; with introductory Essay and Archeological Commentary by Jane E. Harrison. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THIS book is a most welcome addition to the scanty list of English archaeological works. To the student of old Greece, Athens must always appear the central point around which our ideas naturally group themselves. From the middle of the sixth to the middle of the fourth century B.C. the history of Athens is the history of ancient civilisation, just as that of Paris was in mediæval France, and whatever cause we may attribute it to, the fact remains that the Akropolis of Athens is the Mecca of all good pilgrims of the true Hellenic faith.

Of course no guide-book to ancient Athens can be anything else than a practical commentary on Pausanias. No matter what destructive criticism may allege, the old topographer must always remain the chief fountain-head of our information. Travelling as he did in the quiet times of the good Emperors Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius, his narrative is the diligent, conscientious record of what he saw, eked out doubtless by reference to the existing guide-books of Polemo and others, but in the main original work; and in such a record we may be thankful for the large proportion of facts, the authenticity of which is being more and more every day confirmed. Lacking the brilliancy of a Lucian, yet without the dullness of a Pliny, he keeps the even tenor of his way, wearisome only when he indulges his pet weakness. He has a weakness for royalty, and whenever the chance occurs, he lets his tongue wag on the “illustrious transactions of kings.” After all, this was not unnatural if we consider the times in which he lived; but Miss Harrison has done well in omitting her author's digressions. For the rest, the occasional side lights on his character are not without interest. It is a kindly, if garrulous, nature, with a deep vein of naïve superstition. “Some people may not have seen a dragon,” he says, with conscious pride and pity; “I believe that such a man (as Kyknos) did reign over the Ligyres, but the change of a man into a bird is to me incredible.” When proposing to describe the Eleusinion he is “prevented by a vision in a dream”; fortunately for us his dreams are rare, and for the most part we may thank his superstition for the record of mythological facts which are invaluable. As a describer of works of art he is always meagre, sometimes slipshod and inaccurate. It is the mythology that interests him, and it is the mythology and mythography that are the real basis of Miss Harrison's book. Her main principle is to consider “such points as are either matter of quite recent and important discovery, or seem to throw light on mythological questions.”

From this point of view, then, is the book a Guide to Athens. It is a Guide professedly addressed to the student; and as such it is of course absurd to compare it with the Guide Joanne, or Murray, or Baedeker. The casual visitor may find other interests in Dyer or in Sandys, but this is a more serious undertaking. It is not exactly light reading (as

indeed what book on mythology can be?) and it has upwards of 750 pages. When this is said, we have stated its worst points, for every page is well worth careful study. It puts for the first time within reach of English readers the classical Guide, improved, corrected, and illustrated by a flood of modern excavation and research. A new era has been initiated for books on Athens by the discoveries of the last three or four years, and we may congratulate ourselves that the new results have been made available for us so promptly and in so charming a form.

The new phase of the Athenian question is marked by three main conditions, which offer us a picture of the ancient city that is fuller and clearer than ever it was before. First and foremost we have the recent excavations on the Akropolis, with their wealth of new material and the brilliant light they throw on all periods, but especially on that most interesting epoch of the Peisistratidæ, till now almost unknown. With the exception of a portion at the foot of the temple of Nike Apteros, and the space between the Beulé Gate and the Propylæa, the whole of the Akropolis plateau has now been explored. These results must always be associated with the name of Dr. Dörpfeld. The time has been epoch-making, and it has brought out the man. It is no disparagement to the excellent work of Leake, Ulrichs, Curtius, Lolling, and others who had not this new material, if we say that on the question of Athenian topography Dörpfeld is at the present moment supreme. Taking the brilliant genius of the young German architect together with the unhelped-for results of the recent excavations, it is not too much to say that henceforth there are two eras—the pre-Dörpfeldian and the post-Dörpfeldian. Miss Harrison has had the great advantage of Dörpfeld's assistance in her work, and the results she records are revolutionary. The new theories are so startling and complex that a detailed criticism of them here is out of the question.

Secondly, for the art point of view, we have the valuable numismatic commentary on Pausanias recently published by Professor Gardner and Dr. Imhoof-Blumer. The Athenian coinage of the best period presents a series of types which are for the most part monotonous and uninteresting, but in Imperial times the coin-engravers had the useful habit of copying famous works of art for their coin types, and from these much may be learnt concerning the art types of deities and heroes to which Pausanias alludes.

Lastly, we have the evidence of Greek vase-painting. It is now generally admitted that the great majority of the vase-paintings of the period between 650 and 350 B.C. were executed at Athens; and a glance at Miss Harrison's illustrations will show how largely she has availed herself of this material. From one cause and another the study of vases has recently advanced by leaps and bounds to the level of an exact science undreamt of in the old days of Gerhard. From these pictures, mostly the work of humble handicraftsmen, we cannot expect historical facts. Where history is dealt with it is, as Miss Harrison remarks, "only such rare events or personages as were invested with a halo of mythological glory that appear on vases. Such is Croesus, such is the Persian war, such are Harmodios and Aristogeiton; they dwell with Achilles and Diomedes, with demi-gods and heroes, in the islands of the blest." But what we do get on vases is a picture incomparably valuable, of the popular faith and popular superstition in all their aspects and their changes; the folk-lore of the people, by artists who were of the people, untrammelled alike by the strict conditions of high art, and by the learning, which is often the pedantry, of the schoolmen; so that we are actually nearer to Athenian thought than was Pausanias himself.

The study of mythology, with its many pitfalls and complications, requires a light hand and a level head. Athenian mythology may well appal the boldest when we realise the character of its com-

position. We have first of all the different incoming stocks which followed each other at Athens, successively grafting their own ideas on the pre-existing cults; then the division of the people into tribes and demes, each with its own cherished traditions, which must be modified or adapted to fit the supremacy of Athene herself. Then come the complex methods of the mythographers; ætiology, the stories invented to explain legends, or "ritual practice misunderstood;" contamination, the incorporation in a myth of elements borrowed from a foreign version of that myth; and the hospitality which Athenian mythology extended to stranger-gods and heroes. Then there is the process of combination or separation of attributes for individual deities. "A small local cult could not afford to keep up a god or goddess with one or two functions only. Asklepios had on occasion to mend broken jugs, Poseidon to attend a harvest festival, Demeter to superintend a divining mirror. It was only the great orthodox Olympians who in their ultimate supremacy could indulge in a perfect specialisation of attributes." With the Olympians, however, we have the reverse side; the separation of the attributes of a goddess develops into separate personalities. Thus "Athene gives all things—good counsel (Bouleia), skill in handiwork (Ergane), and victory (Nike). From Athene Polias, invoked as Athene Polias Nike, the personality of Nike separated off, and developed attributes of her own, impossible when she was only a form of Athene."

How the Greeks themselves looked upon these traditions, we see everywhere reflected in their literature. The importance of a mythical past for an individual is shown especially in the odes of Pindar. "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us" is a sentiment thoroughly Greek. And so it was for a city. In the encomium of Isokrates, the chiefest claim Euagoras has on Athenian enthusiasm is the fact that he is the descendant of the heroes of Salamis. Solon's statement of the Athenian right to Salamis is based on the mythical past, when Eurysakes, son of Ajax, became an Athenian, and handed it over to Athens. Pausanias even complains that such facts might be tampered with; "for the men of old time, when they had nothing wherewith to build their genealogies, invented fictitious ones, and especially in the genealogies of heroes."

All this is told in a charming way, and with a reasonable amount of lucidity, by Miss Harrison. She wisely clears off her general treatment of the mythology in a preliminary discussion; then follows the tour around Athens in twenty-five sections, each headed by the translation of the corresponding portion of Pausanias.

In a mythological study of this nature it was certainly better to concentrate the attention upon the local question; the comparative method has therefore been very sparingly applied, only for occasional illustration; the authoress asks that her present work may be "taken as a *prolegomena* to a more systematic study." What strikes one most in this part of the work is the strongly absorbent character of the dominant cult of Athene. Originally, like so many other cults, of an agrarian character, with a seated *xoanon* as her art type, she becomes the militant Pallas, and dominates all other creeds already existing on her Akropolis. The cult of Poseidon is hostile to her; so Poseidon, under his double title Erechtheus, is born again in the new name of Erichthonios, who is the foster-son and special worshipper of Athene. Possibly this glorification of Athene came in with the Peisistratid dynasty, whose special patroness she was. When once she was established as supreme, her influence would have been still further exalted in the fifth century for Pan-Ionic reasons.

The illustrations, of which there are upwards of 250, are fairly good where only outlines are given, bad in representation of surface; perhaps in such a book, where the fullest illustration is needed, the sacrifice of quality to quantity has something to be

said for it. One point we must find fault with, and that is the inaccuracy of Miss Harrison's reading of proofs. The number of misprints is positively appalling; carelessness in these small things is apt to damage one's faith in the greater matters of a work; such small blots should be removed for the credit of a book which is in other respects a sound and scholarly attempt towards the solution of a very difficult problem.

THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION.

THE CONSTITUTION OF CANADA. By J. E. C. Munro, Professor of Law in Owens College, Victoria University.

THE revived interest in constitutional inquiries which has been so marked during the last few years in England, and which cannot be due simply to the urgency of the Home Rule question, because it has been observed also in France and in the United States, has taken no more instructive form than that of studies of our Colonial Governments. They are specially instructive because they all spring from an English root, and have endeavoured to maintain English usages even in small matters—witness the forms of the Canadian Parliament—while yet variations have been forced on them by circumstances under whose influence they have begun to diverge from the parent stock. Among these Colonial Governments the Canadian has the distinction of being not only the oldest but also the most complex, seeing it is the Government of a federation, which includes, if we omit the still only partially organised territories west of Manitoba, seven provincial Governments, each of them built on the same general lines.

The Constitution of Canada is therefore instructive to us as a Federation no less than as an example of the Cabinet system of government worked with comparatively little aid from traditions and habits such as England possesses. Till now, there has been no one book from which the features of this Government could be gathered. Mr. Munro has now given them to us in this volume, which deserves the praise of being clear, well arranged, and, so far as we have been able to test it, accurate and careful in its statements of the law. It presents, however, rather the purely legal than the practical side of the subject, giving only so much history as is needed to explain and illustrate the constitutional arrangements. It does not profess to describe the actual working of the system—that is to say, to show what have proved to be the strong and weak points of this interesting constitution, on what points the main controversies turn, in what directions change has proceeded or may be expected to proceed—in fine, what other free countries have to learn from the example of Federal and Parliamentary Canada. This was not Mr. Munro's purpose, and we do not in the least complain of him for not having addressed himself to it. But we greatly hope that he will complete his task by a second volume containing such matter as we have indicated, or else that some active member of our new school of constitutional and political writers will undertake what might be made an agreeable as well as instructive study.

Mr. Munro's plan is simple. After a general introduction, dealing with the Dominion Government in its outlines, he sketches the constitutional history of the several provinces, and then describes with some detail the legal arrangements which govern the provincial assemblies, the provincial legislative councils, the provincial executives (Lieut.-Governor and Ministers), and the provincial judicatures. Returning to the Federal Dominion, he gives a full account of its House of Commons, its senate, its legislative methods, its executives (the Governor-General, Privy Council, and Ministers), and its Courts of Justice. Three final chapters are dedicated to the relations of the central to the provincial authority, showing what topics fall within the competence of each, and what is the nature of the control exercisable by the Dominion Govern-

ment, as well as by the Home Government over the Dominion. This is the part of the treatise likely to be most studied by English readers, because it bears upon those constitutional questions which the next Irish Home Rule Bill will bring to the front. As everyone now knows, the capital distinctions between the Federal system of Canada and that of the United States are three. In Canada all powers not expressly delegated to the provincial governments are reserved to the Central Government. In Canada all provincial judges of Superior, District, and County Courts are appointed by the Central Government. In Canada the Central Government, *i.e.*, the Governor-General acting by the advice of his Cabinet, has the right of disallowing Statutes passed by the provincial legislatures. In the United States, on the other hand, the central authority possesses the powers expressly or impliedly conferred upon it; each State appoints its own judges; and the President cannot veto any Act of the State Legislatures. Further differences are that in Canada alterations in the constitution of the Dominion or of the provinces are never made by popular vote, but either by colonial legislatures or by the British Parliament, and that there exists in the United States no overriding power similar to that which belongs in theory to the Crown and Parliament of the United Kingdom over the Dominion of Canada and its Provinces. In all these respects Canada shows no present wish to imitate her Southern neighbours; yet it cannot be positively asserted that in any of them, except possibly as to the appointment of the judges, her system is preferable. So far are we from solving, even under comparatively favourable conditions, that problem of the Best Form of Government which used to exercise political philosophers sixty or eighty years ago.

There are several points of consequence on which Mr. Munro does not fully inform us. One is the regulations providing for and the practical use of the power of closing debate in the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures. Another is the amount of salaries paid to provincial officials—an important point as indicating the tendency of legislative policy and the standing of the persons who constitute the administration. A third is as to the disposition to select members from the localities in which they reside—a matter of much significance in determining the composition and intellectual quality of an assembly. A fourth relates to the existence of Second Chambers. These are to be found in four out of the seven Provinces, but are wanting in Ontario, British Columbia, and Manitoba, the Council having been in this last province abolished in 1876. It would be useful to know what differences, if any, between the other four and these three, can be traced to the unicameral system. And though both in this and in the other points specified the plan of the treatise does not include any appraisal of the results of constitutional arrangements, a dispassionate summary of what those results have been would be a valuable addition to the view of Canadian government here presented—a view which is clear and precise so far as it goes.

MORE STATE PAPERS.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES, OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES I., 1644—1645. Edited by W. D. Hamilton, F.S.A. Rolls Series. 1890.

CALENDAR OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE FOR COMPOUNDING, ETC., 1643—1660. Part II. Edited by M. A. Everett Green. Rolls Series. 1890.

AS MR. HAMILTON rightly observes, though the present instalment of his "Calendar of Domestic State Papers of the Reign of Charles I." covers only the nine months beginning with October, 1644, and ending with June, 1645, these nine months are amongst the most important in the whole history of England. They reach, roughly speaking, from the second battle of Newbury to the decisive victory of Naseby. To illustrate this period, when success

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was hanging in the balance, Mr. Hamilton has a wealth of materials at command. He can produce the despatches of generals and the orders of the Committee of Both Kingdoms to which the management of the war was entrusted. Even more interesting, perhaps, is the set of papers in which can be traced the progress of the quarrel between Manchester and Cromwell, which ultimately led to the Self-Denying Ordinance and the New Model Army. The hitherto unpublished depositions of the officers engaged at Newbury throw a welcome light on the genesis of that great dispute, from which such important consequences ultimately arose. Mr. Hamilton does not, indeed, claim for the Record Office papers, with which alone he has to do, that they exhaust the materials available for the particular period with which he is now dealing, but it may be fairly said—what would not be true of the years immediately preceding that period, or immediately following it—that all other collections put together are far inferior in value to those which he has now brought under the public eye.

The second part of Mrs. Everett Green's "Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding" may perhaps be described as an instalment of the Domesday Book of the Civil War. It will certainly not be so attractive as Mr. Hamilton's volume, even to those readers who can appreciate the interest of original documents; yet, for all that, it has a pathos of its own. As we turn from the struggles of armies and politicians to the monotonous proceedings by which the Royalist gentry were compelled to give a full account of the value of their estates in order that the victors might assess on their property such fines as it pleased them to exact, we are somewhat in the position of those who visit a battle-field after the turmoil of the fight is over, to reckon the corpses of the slain. Those who wish to understand the violent hatred of Puritanism which prevailed at the Restoration cannot do better than to turn over the pages of this volume. For the family and local historian they have an interest of another kind.

COMMODORE PERRY.

MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY: A TYPICAL AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER. By William Eliot Griffis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

THIS book is the record of an interesting life. Commodore Perry was more than a brave and distinguished sailor; he was one of those upright purposeful men whose figures stand out sharply relieved against the somewhat sordid background of average American history. There is even something romantic in a career containing such episodes as crusades against the slave-traders of Africa and the pirates of the Spanish Main, wedged between expeditions to help in founding the one United States colony of Liberia, or to overawe the notorious Bomba of Naples in the frigate *Brandywine*. These enterprises filled the years of Perry's apprenticeship. In the Mexican war of 1846-7, he served with signal success as commander of the American fleet; and in 1853 he was entrusted with a mission, backed by vessels of war, to demand commercial privileges from Japan. The importance of the occasion can hardly be exaggerated. In recent years Japan has made an entire conquest of our civilisation: the sketches of Mortimer Menpes, the graceful prose of Jules Viard, to say nothing of fans, umbrellas, pottery, and lacquer, have rendered familiar to us every picturesque aspect of "the flowery country"; and it seems strange to remember how, from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the middle of our own, her soil was utterly forbidden to the foot of the foreigner, if he were not a Dutch trader at *Deshima*. Mr. Griffis regards the treaty of 1854 as Perry's crowning achievement, and praises persistently the "bloodless victory" and the diplomacy which won it. Surely this is to overestimate the difficulty of the task. Perry had nothing to do, and he did it admirably. The mere presence

of a menacing fleet, at a time when the whole system of *Iyéyasu* was fast breaking down, when the military vigour and prestige of the Tokugawa clan was gone, and the spread of the "new learning" daily adding fresh strength to the Mikado party, was enough to force the Shōgun and his Ministers into granting the required concessions. It may be that, as Mr. Griffis frequently says, the halo of etiquette and reserve shed by Perry around his person impressed the untutored Japanese. The debate held among the daimiōs after the reception of President Fillmore's letter shows that they at least fully grasped the situation, far more so than Perry himself, who had no idea that the Shōgun's power was usurped, his title of Taikun assumed for the nonce, and the right of signing treaties vested in the Mikado alone. In matters of detail, Mr. Griffis is not always accurate. To take two instances alone, *Idzu-no-kami* could not have been both a Daimiō and a Hatamoto, as a comparison of pages 334 and 336 suggests; nor should the famous saying—

"Better to be a crystal, though shattered,
Than lie as a tile, unbroken on the housetop,"

be put, on page 373, in the mouth of Yoshida Toraijiro, instead of his fellow-patriot, Kusakabé, "from the highlands of Satsuma," seeing that the whole romantic story has been told by R. L. Stevenson in a charming essay. Still the book, though it has no pretensions to literary style, and the illustrations are beneath contempt, is a straightforward meritorious account of a noticeable man.

Perry's work as a "naval reformer," his enlightened views on steam, on ship armour, on rifling lighthouses and rams, his constant efforts to improve the condition and tone of the American seamen—these are carefully dwelt on, and are pleasant to read of; and, while certain remarks on the relations at various times of England to America are rather wholesome than grateful to a reader on this side the Atlantic, it is a comfort to find that Mr. Griffis has not much to say for the morality which dictated the action of his country, either in Mexico or Japan. And, indeed, for a Protectionist people, the *Uraga* expedition was rather cool. It is difficult to know what feelings are proper to the statement on page 76, that the struggle for Hellenic independence has become to Americans "an entity, through the poetry of Byron and Fitz-Green Halleck!"

ENGLISH LAW.

COMMENTARIES ON THE PRESENT LAWS OF ENGLAND. By Thomas Brett, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. London: Wm. Clowes & Son, Limited. 1890.

IN two volumes, comprising together less than 1,200 pages, Mr. Brett has attempted a survey of the Law of England. He has had predecessors in the kind of work he has selected, but none of them have so thoroughly searched every nook and cranny of the law for its leading principles as he has done. When Mr. Brett entitled his work "Commentaries on the Present Laws of England," he meant, we believe, to emphasise two points—the first that each portion of the extensive field of the general law of the country was at least touched upon in his book, and the second that his work was essentially on law as it is to-day. Most persons who are interested in the subject here under consideration will be more or less acquainted with Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England" either in their original or their modern form of "Stephen's Commentaries" and "Kerr's Blackstone." The two latter works are modelled on the ancient Blackstone, just as a large portion of Blackstone's Commentaries was undoubtedly modelled on Lord Coke's "Institutes." The clearest way of giving our readers some idea of the contents of Mr. Brett's book is by comparing it with the contents of these modern Blackstones. Nothing is more important in a text-book on law, especially on a system of law, than the manner in which the writer divides his subject. In the days of

Blackstone, when English Law was a perfect mass of formalisms, crudities, and cruelties, overlying and almost crushing out some magnificent principles of justice, a scientific division of the field of law was impossible. With courts of law wallowing in fictitious fines, recoveries, and ejectments, and courts of equity making law as they pleased—measuring justice, as it was said, “by the length of the Chancellor’s foot”—a true view of the relations of the various portions of the law was impossible. A writer on law could only take things as he found them, and write about them as they were. And that is what Blackstone actually did. His modern adapters or imitators have in the main followed his divisions; and Mr. Brett has in the main followed Judge Stephen and Mr. Kerr. His divisions are (1) Real Property, (2) Personal Property, (3) Contracts, (4) Torts, (5) Equity, (6) Practice, (7) Evidence, (8) Bankruptcy, (9) Probate, (10) Divorce, (11) Admiralty, (12) Ecclesiastical Law, (13) Criminal Law. These divisions of the field of law are those which naturally occur to a practising lawyer of the older and non-scientific type. They are the divisions adopted by the Incorporated Law Society—the representative body of the solicitors’ branch of the legal profession—in its syllabus of examinations; but they are essentially haphazard and non-scientific divisions. To a great extent the changes of the last twenty years, both in the substance of the law and in procedure, have rendered them unnecessary and even meaningless. For example, what can be more intrinsically absurd than to place the subjects of Bailments and of Agency under the head of “Contracts,” and that of Trusts under the head of “Equity”? All should be treated under a common head of fiduciary relationships. It is a mistake in classification to treat the law as to Rectification of Contracts, as to Penalties and Forfeitures, and as to dealings with Reversions, under the head of “Equity” and not of Contracts. Mr. Brett’s book shows such great marks of industry, and of the thorough comprehension of each of the topics which he has touched, that we regret he has followed so strictly the mechanical arrangement of his predecessors. Had he resolutely placed aside the desire to be practical, in the sense of writing down to the prejudices of a race of lawyers now happily passing away, he might have led the way in a new and far more practical—because more scientific—method of teaching English Law.

Passing from the arrangement to the substance of Mr. Brett’s book, the main difference between it and the works of Stephen and Kerr is that Mr. Brett avoids historical retrospect wherever it is possible to do so. Stephen and Kerr abound in it. We do not place the one kind of work above the other on account of this difference. Each has its place. Each is intended chiefly for students—using the word as comprising all persons who are desirous of learning law. Stephen and Kerr are books for the student who is learning law as a science for a University degree. Mr. Brett’s work is intended for the student learning law as an art for immediate practice. At the present time the Incorporated Law Society, who examine each year about 1,200 solicitors in embryo, and who profess to be strictly practical in their examinations, use “Stephen’s Blackstone” as the textbook for their Intermediate Examination. About one-third of that work consists either of historical dissertations or the exploded notions of Mr. Justice Blackstone on laws and jurisprudence. Mr. Brett’s work is exactly the book which the Law Society require for their purpose. His style is clear, and often interesting; his work is particularly accurate, and, in some cases, minutely so. On the modern developments of the law connected with Conveyancing from a student’s point of view, Mr. Brett’s book is exhaustive, though in this part it is stiff reading. The writer has turned from page to page expecting to find some recent decision in those branches of the law with which he is most acquainted either omitted entirely or imperfectly

stated; but Mr. Brett has, in all cases where principles are concerned, defeated him. Slight inaccuracies—or, rather, deficiencies in statement—in a legal work requiring compression, there must be. It would be unfair to Mr. Brett to take small points in which we think he is not quite correct, since he might answer that it was want of space which forbade him to qualify his statements. But, if this is the case, why does Mr. Brett give three pages to the sale of horses? The book will be of use to practising lawyers as well as to the student. Such chapters as those on Debentures, on Trade-marks, on Patents, and on Policies of Insurance, contain law which, being for the most part comparatively new, cannot yet be thoroughly known to the ordinary practitioner. Of course, Mr. Brett’s book does not, like “Every Man his own Lawyer, price 6s. 8d.,” solve every legal problem which may arise. Even the Code of the future will not do that. Nevertheless, it is a monument of industry and learning, and will rank as the best bird’s-eye view of modern English law which has been written for many years.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

1. WILL O’ THE WISP. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.
2. HER BENNY. By Silas K. Hocking. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1890.

It requires some courage to write a book for children. The criticism of the nursery neglects the finer shades, is occasionally wayward and petulant, and is also honest to the verge of brutality. The ten-year-old critic would not log-roll his own mother; nor will he be influenced by fashion. It is of no use to tell him that just at present the ideal boy must be cream-coloured, high-toned, silk-sashed, and chivalrous; that there is a distinct demand for that kind, and that all others are unworthy. Many famous books for children have always been more popular in the drawing-room than in the nursery. As a rule, the infant critic demands happy coincidences. He may have observed that in reality the vindictive nursemaid is not always humbled to the dust; that the excavations of the gasman outside the front-door do not always result in the discovery of the smuggler’s cave and the hidden treasure; and that virtue does not always triumph. In the richer life of his story-books he finds consolation and grounds for hope. It is, perhaps, as well that he should be allowed to think of the splendid possibilities before he is compelled to deal with the sordid realities of life. In Mrs. Bell’s charming story we revel in coincidence. When misfortune befalls the parents of our hero, and the sudden failure of a bank reduces them to poverty, he runs away to London, in order to make a fortune for them. He is led to take this ill-judged step by a certain tramp, who accompanies him, and whose moral sense is defective. The tramp takes him to act as a model to a lady-artist, whose lawyer is the rich and estranged uncle of the boy’s bank-deluded father. After that the end is easy. The tramp thieves, the boy is suspected, and the tramp’s sin is finally brought home to him. The boy is restored to his parents; the poor father is reconciled to the rich lawyer; prosperity dawns again; and, finally, the hero is driven away to the Zoo, to ride freely upon elephants.

It is not a probable story; but we do not know that this is of the first importance in a book for children. It will interest them; they will be the happier for it. It is bright and amusing throughout, and has not a trace of the silly sentimentality which spoils so many books for children.

Mr. Hocking’s story, “Her Benny,” has stood the test of ten years. The book has received, Mr. Hocking tells us in his preface to this edition, “a hearty welcome in myriads of English homes, and in homes beyond the sea.” It is the story of a street Arab who by unswerving honesty, religious convictions, strict attention to business, and a certain amount of good fortune, attained to prosperity and

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a partnership. Benny, like the hero in Mrs. Bell's book, is unjustly suspected of theft. Nowhere is the character of the martyr more popular than in the nursery. Criticism is, perhaps, out of place when the voice of a myriad of nurseries has spoken in favour of this book; but we cannot think that it is as good as Mrs. Bell's "Will o' the Wisp." It is not so bright and genial. Its discussion of Calvinistic doctrines is peculiarly inept. It is much easier to suggest a terrible thing to the mind of a child, than to remove the terror by a logical process. The illustrations are displeasing and inartistic. On the whole, we think that during the last ten years many better books for children have been written.

THREE NOVELS.

1. A SON OF ISSACHAR, A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF MESSIAS. By Elbridge S. Brooks. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.
2. AS THE TIDE TURNS. By Mary E. Hullah. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
3. THE LAST OF THE MACALLISTERS. By Amelia E. Barr. London: James Clarke & Co.

THE hero of "A Son of Issachar" is the widow's son who was raised to life at Nain. He was, we find from this romance, the accepted lover of two women, the wife whom Herod Antipas put away, and the daughter of Jairus. He was the murderer of the centurion whose servant Christ healed. He was the young rich man who was unable to give up his great possessions. It was he—not Simon Peter—who cut off the ear of the high-priest's servant in the garden. It was he who, when Pilate gave the mob their choice, was the first to demand the release of Barabbas. Barabbas had, on a former occasion, saved his life. It was he who at the crucifixion gave to Christ the sponge dipped in wine. At the close of the book he is the martyr Stephen, having changed his name from Cheliel at the suggestion of St. Peter.

It will be gathered from the above that the author shows some boldness and ingenuity. The chronological sequence of events is altered to suit the story; one incident which from the Biblical account is said to have taken place in Peraea is here transferred to the other side of the Jordan. License of this kind may, perhaps, be granted. A more striking deviation from the Biblical account lies in the sketch of Judas Iscariot. He is not, in this volume, the cold and avaricious traitor or the petty thief. He is a warm-hearted patriot. His devotion to Christ is sincere. But he is ambitious; a spiritual kingdom does not satisfy him; he would see the Messias crowned and Rome overthrown. At last he grows impatient; he thinks that his Master is only waiting for the hour of defeat and death, and that in that hour he will put forth his miraculous powers to destroy his enemies. He thinks he will serve Christ best by betraying him and compelling him to act. The author contrasts the repentance of Peter, a repentance in tears, with the stronger feelings of remorse which led Judas to a bitter and humiliating death. "Yet one is made the warden of the Church, the other stands the hated synonym of the blackest guilt." With this estimate of the character of Judas Iscariot it is for the theologian rather than the critic of novels to deal. But it is interesting to note that one great theologian, Archdeacon Farrar, does not consider that Judas was moved to treachery by avarice alone, and suggests as a secondary motive this same desire for a declaration of the Messianic kingdom which in this romance is supposed to have chiefly actuated him.

The story is written throughout in a reverent spirit. In the study of character the author shows more than ordinary skill. The absence of originality is less marked than in many books which have shown less research. But the author wants facility; the incidents of the story often seem to have the common fault of incidents in historical novels—they look artificial, as if they had been written in, and not as

if they were part of the natural growth of the story. "A Son of Issachar" appeared originally in the *Detroit Free Press*, where it obtained a prize.

"As the Tide Turns" is a story of the stage. The hero, a young man of family and no fortune, is engaged as the twenty-fourth brigand in a burlesque at the Hogarth Theatre: he is so fond of the stage that when a rich cousin who loves him offers to pay his expenses if he will enter the Church or read law, he refuses her. He is treated very kindly, chiefly on account of his good looks, by a charming young actress: she invites him to supper at her father's house, and subsequently he protects her when she is being insulted by a Mr. Emson-Philips. The double-named characters of fiction are always polished and generally villainous. Mr. Emson-Philips was both. The hero and the actress marry, with the intention of maintaining themselves by their profession; but the one life which stands between the hero and fortune is destroyed at sea. That one life has a very hard time of it in books; the hero must have that fortune, so the one life simply has to go. The rest of the story is fairly obvious. The young actress is taken by her husband to his place in the country, taken away from a busy and excited life to be neglected or persecuted by sundry despicable people, including the hero's cold-blooded, jealous cousin and the Machiavellian Emson-Philips. The actress makes many mistakes; she has no tact and hardly any common sense. But she sticks to her old friends, and loves her husband—a mean-minded person—and she is almost the only character in the book who is not either hateful or contemptible.

This is simply the average novel. It is free from gross faults. It may interest people who have not read too many average novels, especially as it deals with the world behind the scenes, which is always a fascinating subject to a great number of people. We do not blame the story for being only average: it has average merits. The sentiment is sometimes almost pathos; there are stray touches which show humour and insight into character; the writing is not the writing of the untamed amateur. But we do wish that the average were higher. There is very little pleasure or profit to be obtained by reading one of these commonplace machine-made stories.

The Stuarts have done much better as subjects for novels than as kings, or pretenders, for nations. "The Last of the MacAllisters" is not concerned with the martyr king, the pious Laud, the unflinching Strafford, and the traitor Cromwell; the book deals with the rising of 1745, already made familiar to us by "Waverley." The interest of the story is not merely historical. In fact it is never more historical than it can help; and the romantic part of the book is really interesting. The story of loyalty and enthusiasm, however disastrous and mistaken, is always attractive. Of all the characters in this novel, the old lawyer, Fraser, is the most delightful. His dry humour, his acute common sense, his chivalrous devotion to the MacAllisters, and his amiable weakness are drawn with great skill; the reader gets to regard him as a personal friend before the end of the book. The gipsies are a little commonplace; but then gipsies in novels always are, because the novelists always dwell on the same salient points in their gipsy character. Speaking generally, the book is written with moderation and truth: the butchery of the Highlanders is not exaggerated; the wonderful effect of the personal charm of the Young Pretender is vividly depicted; and if an implacable Highlander chooses to regard Bunker's Hill as the revenge for Culloden, he is welcome to his consolation and the historical connection. We cannot say that "The Last of the MacAllisters" shows conspicuous originality or unusual power; the conclusion of the story is very cheerful and a trifle weak. But it has sufficient merit to make it a very pleasant and readable book; and this is more than can be said of the average novel.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

MRS. SIDGWICK is known as the writer of a brief history of Norway for young people, and now she has just published a companion volume on "The Story of Denmark." Surprisingly little has been written concerning a nation which has played a gallant and romantic part in the memorable struggles out of which have been shaped the fortunes of modern Europe. The work is dedicated to the memory of that distinguished Northern scholar Dr. Vigfusson, and Professor A. H. Green and Mr. York Powell have assisted Mrs. Sidgwick in special chapters. Denmark is described in these pages as a "little land with a large meaning—a pinched, stunted, and water-logged domain, salted through by the sea—a stubborn idiosyncrasy of Europe, with a national pride and an unquenchable love of verse," Mrs. Sidgwick believes that anyone who wishes to learn the whole history of a people must begin with their songs, and therefore she has woven into her picturesque narrative snatches of old-world verse, and many quaint legends and traditions of the shadowy past. The annals of the nation from the Battle of Bravalla, which is regarded by Mrs. Sidgwick as the "last of the real fairy-tales of the North," to the accession of Christian IX., are told in a manner which even a child can understand. At the same time, no attempt is made to impress the memory with the salient facts of the story, and this, together with an occasional rapid descent into colloquial commonplace, detracts somewhat from the value of the narrative. There are a few illustrations of no special merit, and an indifferent map.

In the spring of 1888, Mr. George Dobson made a journey from St. Petersburg to Samarkand, on the occasion of the opening of railway communication with the ancient capital of the victorious Sultan Tamerlane. In the autumn of the same year Mr. Dobson wrote a series of letters, which appeared in the *Times*, and was thus the first to describe the Central Asian Railway. He has now re-written and amplified his narrative; indeed, seven out of the fifteen chapters in "Russia's Railway Advance into Central Asia" are entirely new, and bring the information concerning the trans-Caspian Province up to date. Mr. Dobson's residence in Russia has made him well acquainted, at first hand, with the affairs of the Empire, and all the facts which are given in the volume have been obtained from purely Russian sources. General Annenkoff is described in these pages as a sort of "Russian Lesseps," and he has the reputation in his own country of a man who works faster than anybody else in Russia, and this characteristic has led the populace to call him "His Energy" instead of "His Excellency." The natural obstacles—shifting sands and dearth of water—were by no means the only difficulties which stood in the way of the construction of this remarkable railway, which now stretches from the Caspian to Samarkand, a distance of nine hundred miles. It is hardly too much to say that, but for the determination and constant personal supervision of General Annenkoff, the railway would never have become an accomplished fact in twice the seven and a half years which have been occupied in its construction. The railway to Samarkand was undertaken for military reasons, and is under the control of the Minister for War. General Annenkoff has been appointed chief director of the line for two years, and the total cost of the work has been estimated at forty-three millions of roubles. The enterprise is already, according to Mr. Dobson, producing a revolution of a stupendous character in the drowsy world of Central Asia, and the significance of the undertaking from a military point of view can scarcely be exaggerated. Already the Trans-Caspian Railway has given a perceptible impetus to commerce, and an ever-increasing quantity of Central Asian cotton is finding its way into the markets of Europe by means of this new line of communication. At the present time Russia receives something like one hundred and fifty thousand tons of foreign cotton at an annual cost of about eighty millions of roubles. The general adoption by the manufacturers of Russia of cotton from Central Asia would mean a considerable saving to the country, though the Government would be a loser in the first instance by a corresponding decline in the import revenue. The railway, according to General Annenkoff, is already not only covering its working

expenses, but producing a surplus which, it is believed, will represent at the close of the present year as much as three per cent. on the cost of construction. Henceforth, says the General, the trans-Caspian region will be a reliable outpost, from which Russia may successfully counteract the hostile designs of England, and he regards his pet railway as a means of keeping the English in India on their good behaviour. This interesting book throws considerable light on many problems of Central Asia and on the social condition of Merv, Samarkand, and Bokhara. All that Mr. Dobson has to tell us, indeed, lends emphasis to his own assertion that Russia triumphs in her Asiatic provinces quite as much by affinity of character as by force of arms. The book contains some good illustrations, and three valuable maps.

Under the title of "The Kingdom of Christ," a powerful and many-sided plea for Foreign Missions, selected, in part from the writings and speeches of men like Canon Liddon, Bishop Westcott, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and the Rev. H. C. Moule, has been gathered into the compass of less than a hundred pages. The little book unfolds the *rationale* of missions, and seeks to disentangle the central thought which underlies such work from all lesser issues, as well as to lay stress on the "idea of humanity" presented by the New Testament, and on the fact that the value of a soul is the same all the world over.

Young players at the game of kings will find a good many hints on the most intellectual of all pastimes in "Chess Problems," a little book for which Mr. Rayner, of the *British Chess Magazine*, is responsible. The avowed object of the manual is to render problem composition and solution attractive to beginners. No knowledge is assumed beyond an acquaintance with the moves of the pieces, and an effort has been made by the use of illustrated diagrams to render different kinds of strategy clear, as well as to present good models of constructive skill. The mysteries of symmetrical problems, letter problems, one-king problems, conditional problems, and the like, are duly explained; and Mr. Rayner is careful to point out that a fair measure of proficiency is within the reach of any chess-player of average strength, whilst almost anyone who gives his mind to the subject may become the proud possessor of a "little idea." The problems which are given—and there are upwards of a hundred of them—have been selected from famous games of acknowledged experts of various nationalities. For this reason, if for no other, the book is one which advanced students of the game, as well as young beginners, can scarcely fail to appreciate.

The object which Mrs. De Salis has set herself in the latest of her useful little cookery books, "Tempting Dishes for Small Incomes," is to provide a few dainty and inexpensive recipes, which make modest demands on the purse of the mistress and the skill of the cook. In households where sixpence is habitually expected to do the work of a shilling, entrées, entremets, and savouries are of course out of the question, even if the presiding genius of the kitchen possesses the requisite knowledge for their production. Cookery in these days is almost entitled to rank as a "fine art," and Mrs. De Salis is honestly wishful to bring some of its cheap triumphs in the way of relishing viands within the reach of people who are at present unacquainted with many ingenious and appetising dishes. We are glad to find that a protest is raised in this volume against the ridiculous notion that a recipe is extravagant if cream is demanded for it. Little jugs of cream can be had everywhere for sixpence now-a-days, and since example is better than precept, we will give—in the words of Mrs. De Salis—an illustration of the manner in which a thrifty housewife can turn such a fact to account. "I had the other day a friend or two to dinner, and one of these little jugs of cream sufficed to make six little *crèmes de volaille* with the white sauce; some was used for salad dressing, a tablespoonful in some soup, a little whipped over some apricot tarts, and there was just enough left for coffee." A sensible book full of mother-wit as well as kitchen physic.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

LORD SALISBURY'S communication to the Turkish Government on the subject of our occupation of Egypt, though it has not given satisfaction to the Porte, seems to be accepted elsewhere with equanimity, if not with actual approval. It acknowledges once more that the occupation is only temporary, points to the great improvement in the internal condition of the country which has been brought about under English auspices, and declares that England cannot retire until it has proof that this improvement would not be interfered with by her withdrawal from the scene. These are, of course, the mere commonplaces of the question. The truth is that everywhere a feeling is growing that the occupation, whatever we may say to the contrary, will be permanent; and it is only fair to say that the Continental Powers, with a single exception, practically acquiesce in this opinion, as providing the best possible solution of a difficult problem. Even in France there are statesmen like M. ST. HILAIRE, who feel that England cannot reasonably be asked to evacuate the Delta, and who even hold that France has no claim to compensation. But whilst this is the case, the English Government must be prepared to meet trouble at any moment in connection with this Egyptian question, until we succeed in "regularising" our position in that country. How to effect this end is the gravest problem in foreign policy with which our rulers now have to deal.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Standard* has a curious story to tell of the recent Russian manœuvres in which the Czar and the EMPEROR OF GERMANY took part. It seems that towards the close of the operations, the Emperor, who was at the head of the Vyborg Regiment, of which he is honorary commander, determined upon a very daring manœuvre in order to extricate his men from an embarrassing position in front of the enemy. The brilliant feat failed, and both the Emperor and his men were made prisoners! The incident seems to have made a great impression in the Russian camp, where it was regarded as a significant omen; whilst the *Standard* correspondent gives a picture of the young Emperor as he saw him in the midst of the Imperial family, moving about moody and silent, evidently enraged at a failure which tended to make him appear ridiculous in the eyes of his host. The Western world does not believe in omens, and its chief interest in the meeting of the two monarchs is not this dramatic episode, but the fact, now abundantly evident, that no political change of any importance is likely to follow the interview at Narva.

THE Armenians have paid a well-earned compliment to the *Daily News*, having transmitted to the editor of that journal an address of thanks for the services which during many years it has rendered to their oppressed nationality. The Armenians are not ungrateful to those who befriend them, a fact which has a very real political significance at this moment, when it would appear that their one hope of deliverance from the cruelties of the Pashas rests with the Czar. The accounts of fresh persecutions which have appeared during the week have, as usual, been accompanied by fresh

denials from Constantinople. The latest tale (not denied) is that the miscreant MOUSSA BEY has disappeared. There is something which would be amusing, if it were not horrible, in the cool effrontery with which the Turks repeat the stale tricks and manœuvres with which generations of English diplomatists have been only too familiar, and the simplicity, real or affected, with which their denials and explanations and equivocations are received by the Turcophile press of England. It is well that Armenia has at least one or two friends among the newspapers and public men of England.

ANOTHER movement is on foot for the purpose of obtaining international copyright in America. It will be interesting to see how it fares. Whilst we give full credit to the honest men who are sincerely anxious to remove a great reproach from the name of their country, we frankly confess that, remembering the manner in which the last Bill was treated, the speeches which were made about it, and the subsequent action of MR. WANAMAKER, the pirate Postmaster-General, we have but little hope that the American Government, or the representatives of the American people, will for a long time to come adopt honesty as a national policy. It is a good thing, however, that certain outspoken protests in this country, though strongly resented in the United States, have had the effect of making Americans see themselves as they are seen (in this matter) by everybody else.

MORE light upon GENERAL BOULANGER. The "revelations" of the *Figaro* are being continued. The net result is to display the General himself in a peculiarly odious light. He had not the courage to attempt a *coup d'état* when he was urged to it by his fellow-conspirators, and when, possibly, the crime might have succeeded. Nor had he the ordinary self-restraint necessary to enable a man to take full advantage of the constitutional victories which fell to GENERAL BOULANGER'S lot, and which certainly made him, at one time, a formidable opponent of the Government. If he had been a stronger man, if he had been anything but a vain, feather-headed, self-indulgent adventurer, he might have wrecked the Republic. But creatures of the BOULANGER type are only really dangerous to the causes with which they are allied.

WE are sorry to see that the *Spectator* does not retract the charge it brought against MR. GLADSTONE of having "re-christened" boycotting "exclusive dealing" after he became a supporter of Home Rule. For the charge we showed two weeks ago that there was absolutely no foundation—that MR. GLADSTONE had, in fact, used the phrase "exclusive dealing" to describe boycotting so far back as 1881, when he was Prime Minister and MR. FORSTER Irish Secretary. The *Spectator* gives as a reason for its refusal to retract its charge the allegation that in 1881 MR. GLADSTONE did not mean by "exclusive dealing" to cover all that he now intends that phrase to cover. Surely MR. GLADSTONE himself is the best judge of his own meaning. His declarations against boycotting, to which the *Spectator* now appeals, were directed against boycotting enforced by threats of personal violence and accompanied by crime. Neither he nor any other

leader of the Liberal party has altered his opinion with regard to this form of boycotting; but the boycotting to which he now applies the words "exclusive dealing" is precisely the kind of boycotting to which he applied these words in 1881—combination without crime. We suppose, however, that it is hopeless to expect our opponents to give Home Rulers credit for *not* having lost all their moral instincts when they became converts to the new and better way with Ireland.

ONLY one member of the Government has broken the silence of the week. This is MR. BRODRICK, the holder of a subordinate post in connection with the War Office. It would have been curious to see a full report of this gentleman's utterances—unkindly dismissed by the Conservative press in a few lines. From what is reported, however, we learn that in MR. BRODRICK's opinion the Government during the past Session "had always come out of the engagements victoriously." It is, therefore, in the opinion of MR. BRODRICK, a "victory" when an army having taken the offensive finds itself obliged to retreat, leaving guns, standards, and camp equipage in the hands of the enemy. It is a "victory" to be compelled to withdraw every important measure you meant to pass, after devoting a whole Session to the attempt to carry them. There is a depth of foolishness in this specimen of Ministerial logic which would only be weakened by comment. Indeed, we remember nothing quite like it since the days of the American general who described the rout of his forces as a "successful strategic movement to the rear."

THE great meeting at Limerick last Sunday brought us face to face with an aspect of the Irish Question which is rarely seen. The object of the meeting was to condemn BISHOP O'DWYER for the part he has taken in opposing the National movement and in censuring MR. DILLON and MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN. That the meeting was marvellously successful it is impossible to doubt. The speeches were full of that passionate indignation which comes so readily to the Celt when he contemplates the sufferings of his race, and the Bishop was not spared by those who, in ordinary circumstances, would have been the first to honour him. Yet, in face of a demonstration such as this, there are people in this country who seriously believe, first, that the English Government ought to make terms with the Pope in order to secure the coercion of Ireland, and, secondly, that Home Rule will mean Rome Rule. The fact that these beliefs are destructive of each other does not prevent many Englishmen from clinging to both. The meeting at Limerick last Sunday ought to satisfy them that the one is just as foolish as the other.

THE report of the Irish Land Commissioners on the state of the potato crop is very discouraging. The cold weather which has prevailed since the middle of July has proved disastrous to the hopes of a good harvest. The report, which only deals with the state of things on the 15th inst., is to the effect that the disease has attacked the crop all over Ireland, and that in the south and west the harvest is practically a failure, the tubers being so deficient in nutriment as to be unfit for human food. The saving of the crop in other parts of the island depended upon the prevalence of warm and sunny weather after the 15th inst. Unfortunately this is not the weather we have had, and consequently the whole outlook is very gloomy. The *Standard* foolishly girds at MR. HEALY for having introduced the question of the potato disease and the threatened scarcity of food into a political speech. What would be thought of the shrewdness of an Irish politician at the present moment who, when dealing

with the political and economic condition of his country, omitted to touch upon the most serious question with which Irishmen have to deal?

DISTRESSING accidents to parties of pleasure-seekers have been frequent of late. There have been fatal coaching accidents in the Lake district, Scotland, and elsewhere, and two very serious boating accidents, causing the loss of several lives, off Deal and the coast of Wales. In short, the holiday season has set in with its usual accompaniments. The special point to which we would direct attention, however, is not the fact of these accidents, but the manner in which they have been dealt with by the law. In England the fatal disasters have been followed by inquests, and every inquest has ended in a verdict of "accidental death." This is precisely what might be expected when we remember from what class coroners' juries are drawn. Take the case of a coaching disaster in some pleasure-resort. The persons killed are strangers; the persons who may possibly be responsible are natives who are probably leading inhabitants of the town or village in which the inquiry takes place. Is it likely that a jury of natives will press hardly upon such persons—especially when it is notorious that a verdict ascribing the deaths to anything but pure accident would create a prejudice against the place where they occurred? There is room for a change of system here, and in the interest of the travelling public we trust that a change will be made.

THE rate of discount in the Open Market, which on Friday of last week fell to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., has recovered this week to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and in some cases as much as $3\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. has been charged. Early in the week, too, there was a strong demand for loans, and in some cases borrowers had to apply to the Bank of England, where 4 per cent. was charged. But the redemption of $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions of Treasury Bills on Wednesday added so to the supply in the Open Market that there was a sharp fall in the rate of interest. In silver there has been decidedly less doing this week than for some time past. The price on Saturday of last week was $54\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce, but on Tuesday it fell to $53\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce, and in New York speculators seemed to be somewhat embarrassed by the stringency in the Money Market, for the price in the market is considerably lower than that at which the Treasury is buying. Still the speculation in silver securities goes on. There has been an almost unbroken rise in Mexican railway stocks this week, and though Rupee Paper and other silver securities have not advanced as much, they are all very firm.

At the Fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlement which began on Tuesday borrowers were able to obtain what money they required from the Banks at 4 per cent. Within the Stock Exchange the carrying-over rates were generally light, yet it is evident that the accounts open for the rise have been somewhat increased during the past fortnight. In the first half of the week there was a considerable advance in not only silver securities, but home railway stocks. The greatest speculation was in the deferred stocks of the North British, the Sheffield, the South Eastern, and the Brighton, and in Caledonian stock. But there was an advance likewise in what are called the stocks of the heavy lines, the traffic returns being surprisingly good. The stringency in New York, and the strikes—actual and threatened—have limited business in the American department, and the South African market has been neglected. International securities have been firm, without very much business, however. On Thursday, which was pay day on the Stock Exchange, most departments were dull.

THE CROAK OF THE SILLY SEASON.

IT is not without reason that the first weeks of the recess, when even the most ardent of politicians finds silence preferable to speech and a great lull reigns throughout the land, have been named "the silly season." How silly some persons can be when they are called upon to make bricks without straw—in other words, to write leading articles without texts—has often been shown, but never more signally than during the past few days. From various quarters sermons of the most portentous kind are being hurled at the head of that devoted object, the general reader. It is evident that he must be roused to a sense of his perilous condition, so one newspaper assures him that England is about to be overwhelmed by a rising of the "labour class" (and prays incidentally for the slaughter of a demagogue or two), whilst another points to the decay of good manners in the House of Commons, and mourns over the fact that the Laboucheres and Conybeares, the Storeys and Campbells, are probably destined to be the statesmen of the future.

Jeremiah is always with us, though we have no time to listen to Jeremiads whilst Parliament is in session. All this talk about the approaching reign of anarchy, and the imminent downfall of Parliament, is merely old nonsense served up afresh—the staple diet of the silly season, in short. The men who talk as though the growth of trades unionism—its extension to unskilled labour—were a portent of ruin for England, are merely the sons of the gentlemen who clamoured for the use of grape-shot against the Chartists in 1848, and the grandsons of those who declared that the fate of England was sealed when the Reform Bill became law. It is their nature to believe that every change in the conditions of our social or political life must necessarily be a change for the worse. There was a time when they believed that the salvation of England depended upon the retention of the rotten boroughs. To-day they imagine that it depends upon our preventing the unskilled labourer from helping himself by means of co-operation with his fellows. To-morrow they will probably contend that if we prevent a Peer who has had the misfortune to be imprisoned for swindling, from legislating for his fellow-countrymen, we shall be laying sacrilegious hands upon the Ark of the Covenant.

No sane man, who is not by training addicted to a constant contemplation of the gloomy side of things, can read these alarmist articles in our newspapers without a mingled feeling of amusement and disgust. It is amusing, undoubtedly, to find for how little experience and the lessons of history count with some people. Ignoring the fact that life must be full of change, and that the changeless state is simply the state of death, these prophets of evil continue to rend their garments and scatter dust upon their heads whenever they see that the nation is preparing to take a fresh step forward. But, though their folly may amuse us, their cowardice cannot fail to disgust. Lamentable indeed is the want of faith which these men show, alike in God and in man. They have probably got beyond the stage at which they would have joined the Tories of 1866 in expressing their loathing for Mr. Gladstone because he had the audacity to speak of working men as being of the same flesh and blood as himself. Theoretically, they acknowledge that a working man is of the same flesh and blood as a Duke or a country clergyman; but, practically, they deny the fact. If they did not, how could they really feel this alarm at the prospect of an imaginary war between the classes? It is painful to read letters like that which Professor Case, for example,

addressed to the *Times* a few days ago *à propos* of the Cardiff strike. Here is a Professor—not a very distinguished one, perhaps, but still a man of light and leading in his own set—who evidently looks upon the working men of England very much as though they were a hostile army encamped in the midst of us, and animated by the deadliest feelings of hostility towards society at large. How comes it that Professor Case and men like him fail to recognise the fact that the working man is just as much an integral part of the whole nation as the Queen or the Prime Minister? It is not only that his physical frame is composed of the same particles, nor even that his mental and moral attributes are identical in kind with those of his social superiors, but that his personal interests are the same. For him, just as truly as for your "belted earl" or your Piccadilly lounge, his personal well-being depends upon the well-being of the nation as a whole. He, too, is interested in the maintenance of order, in the smooth running of the wheels of the great social machine, in the removal of all the causes of irritation and friction in society or in politics. Nay, has he not a deeper interest than the rich man can have? For him neither flight nor withdrawal from the fight is possible. At his post he must remain, alike in fair weather and in foul; and, before any other member of society, the blow which hurts the nation as a whole is felt by him.

The pessimists cannot deny this; but they fall back upon their old doctrine of original sin, the ineradicable wickedness of—other people. They can point to labour disputes in which workmen have been unmistakably in the wrong, and they regard them as certain portents of all that is to come. They forget that for every case of this kind, another might be found in which the employers were not less emphatically wrong. They can quote violent and unreasonable, and positively wicked, language used by advocates of popular rights; and with upturned eyes they pray heaven that "a demagogue or two" may be torn in pieces by the mob they have misled. How many quotations just as violent, as selfish, as wicked, could be culled from the utterances of aristocrats and men of culture? Finally, they talk about the sinfulness of setting class against class, and seem to think that if one body of men combine, it can only be for the purpose of oppressing some other body. Here we admit that they might find some historical arguments in support of their creed; but they are hardly the arguments that the upholders of the present land system, and of vested interests generally, are likely to appeal to. All through their prophecies of woe, their solemn outpourings of denunciation, they ignore one thing—the saving truth that human nature is the same in all classes of society; that a love of truth and justice is not confined to those who dwell within Mayfair; that respect for the rights of others, charity, tolerance, that sense of neighbourhood which makes for the solidarity of a nation, are as common in White-chapel as they are at Oxford.

All this display of cowardice and prejudice, of ignorance and arrogance, is far more sad than amusing. We would like to think that the prevailing note of pessimism is nothing more than the outward manifestation of the depression natural to professional critics who suddenly find themselves deprived of all current subjects of criticism—that it is, in fact, nothing but the chatter of the silly season. But, though it is the comparative leisure of this particular part of the year which permits us to hear these wailing noises, we fear that they have a deeper origin than the emptiness of the critic's head. Too clearly do they speak the mind of a large and influential class of society—a class which looks with

dark foreboding to the future, and, forgetful of the way by which we as a people have been led in the past, is affrighted, like the Children of Israel of old, by the omens of the morrow. It is a happy thing that we can turn from these croakers, with their fears and their sneers, their faint hearts and their bitter tongues, to those who represent the youth and life of the land. We may not agree with all the forms in which their energy manifests itself; we may dislike some of their methods; we may distrust some of their aims; we may even doubt whether the millennium is so near as they believe; but, at least, whether they be New Radicals, Social Democrats, members of the Fabian Society, or champions of individual liberty, they have that faith in the future which is the first condition of success in this world; and for their reward the future will be theirs.

MONOPOLY AT THE DOCKS.

IT is related of James the First that, one day quarrelling with the Lord Mayor, he threatened to remove the Court to Oxford. "Provided only your Majesty leave us the Thames," cleverly replied the then defender of popular liberties. The ordinary London citizen can hardly have escaped, during the past year, occasional qualms of fear lest the Thames should virtually be taken away from him by the constant strife and mismanagement which he has learnt to connect with the London dock-labourer and the London docks. Confidence is a tender plant, and what, he thinks, will become of the trade of London if the greatest port in the world gets, among shipowners, an evil reputation for unpredictable labour troubles, delays, uncertainty, and needless demurrage?

No one will to-day have any sympathy with the position which Mr. Norwood took up during the Great Dock Strike of 1889. The condition of the dock labourer had then long been a disgrace to his employers and a scandal to the Metropolis. Public opinion has now declared, once for all, definitely enough against the idea that the losses of particular capitalists are to be made up by grinding the faces of the poor, or that the fierce competition of starving men is any excuse for paying less than a "moral minimum" of wages. The dock directors got their lesson, and the Great Dock Strike became, in a sense, the Hegira of unskilled labour.

During the year which has elapsed, the affairs of the Dockers' Union have been, on the whole, managed with considerable statesmanship. Those who best know the docker report an almost incredible improvement in the *morale* of this very residuum of the labour market, a rise in his "standard of comfort," and a development of "social consciousness," which are the best of all testimonies to the character and efficiency of the labours of those latter-day prophets, Messrs. Burns, Mann, and Tillett.

It is important to recall these facts in the face of what may well prove to be an important error of judgment on the part of the Dockers' Union. Their reported decision to restrict the entrance of new members into their Union, taken in conjunction with the ordinary Unionist rule not to work with non-Unionists, has been interpreted to indicate an intention of forming a close corporation or guild, to the detriment of outside labour, and the danger of London trade. No one, of course, can deny the theoretical right of any body of men, be they capitalists or labourers, to form what combinations they please for their own advantage; and it ill becomes our barristers, solicitors, surgeons, physicians, stock-brokers, underwriters, surveyors, architects, actuaries,

accountants, or members of City companies, to complain that the humble dock labourer is at last following the example which they have so sedulously set him. But although these latter classes, no less than humbler Trades Unions, have often forgotten it, the moral right of any body of workers to combine for its own pecuniary advantage is limited by the paramount right of society to have its business carried on in the best possible way. The vague and somewhat Utopian plan of working the docks as a co-operative society, composed jointly of dockers, managers, shipowners, and the present shareholders, is open to the same objection in principle as a capitalist dock monopoly or a Trades Union dock tyranny. After all, it is about the management of the Port of London that these discussions are taking place, and the Port of London must obviously be governed in the interest neither of the shipowners nor of the shareholders, neither of the dockers, nor of the directors, nor yet of any combination of these, but in the interest of the great community which has grown up around it, and made it what it is. The Port of London is by far the most valuable item in London's magnificent heritage, and is not to be lightly abandoned to the unrestrained indiscretion either of a Norwood or a Tom Mann.

London occupies, at present, an almost unique position among the great dock ports of the world, in having absolutely no public control over its dock accommodation. With the blind trust in competition which London's chronic lack of local government has everywhere fostered, we have allowed the whole of the riverside accommodation of the Port of London to pass uncontrolled into private hands. The bulk of the shipping trade of the capital of the empire lies at the mercy of an unregulated crowd of private wharfingers and the boards of directors of four gigantic dock companies. Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Swansea, and Bristol have, at any rate, their docks free from the interested administration of the private capitalist. The Clyde, the Mersey, the Tyne are controlled by representative public authorities; the Thames, almost alone among our great commercial rivers, is abandoned to anarchy, tempered only by the casual vagaries of the remarkable body known as the Thames Conservancy Board.

What the result has been is well known. A perfectly reckless expenditure of capital by the competing dock companies has endowed the Metropolis with a succession of enormous docks, each constructed, not because it was wanted nor where it was wanted, but on the principle of "beggar my neighbour," merely in order to outbid its latest rival. The total cost of London's docks has been over twenty millions sterling, and it has often been computed that practically half of this vast expenditure has been virtually wasted. In the vain endeavour to earn interest on this swollen capital, the various dock companies for years indulged in an insensate, and almost indecent competition, always, however, agreeing to take the very utmost advantage of the unorganised starving "reserve army" of East End labour, and carefully to abstain from doing anything to improve its condition. Meanwhile, by a system of hidden rebates and discounts, the great shipping houses which control the dock directorates managed to intercept most of the advantages of the growth of London's trade, and the condition of the typical "widow and orphan" among the dock shareholders became bad indeed. The East and West India Dock Company, owning one-third of the dock capital, had indeed in 1889 virtually to suspend payment, and then the change came. The two main competitors formed a "Joint Committee," controlling seventeen-twentieths of the

dock accommodation of the Metropolis, and easily concluded working agreements with the rest. The Dockers' Union has virtually only followed the example of the Dock Directors, and the vision of a kind of Dock Co-operative Society shows clearly enough what idea is afloat. London has given up every safeguard of its commercial interests in order to get competition, and now it has not even got competition. One small board practically settles dock rates, and two small committees dock wages, for the whole of London's dock accommodation.

There can be little doubt that London, in this matter of dock administration as in other things, will have to learn a lesson from the provincial municipalities. The docks of Liverpool are celebrated wherever ships float, but the docks of Liverpool are administered in the public interest by the "Mersey Docks and Harbour Board," a representative public authority whose stock ranks not far below Consols. Its capital is over seventeen million pounds, or much more than the present market value of the whole of the London docks, and its annual revenue of nearly a million and a half more than suffices to pay all working expenses, interest, and sinking fund. Bristol found it intolerable that its docks should be in private ownership, and has since 1882, expended over a million and three-quarters sterling in buying them up. Hull, Cardiff, and Southampton are indeed the only great English ports outside London where there are private dock companies; and in each of these cases special circumstances mitigate the inconveniences of capitalist management. The great Continental ports invariably administer their docks as an obvious public function; and our magnificent colonial harbours are equally under public management.

A definite proposal to "municipalise" the London docks was made by the Lord Mayor of 1889, and it may be hoped that the project has not been abandoned. The City Corporation has an opportunity of rendering a great public service by promoting a Bill to carry out this idea. The London County Council would soon become as weary a Titan as the House of Commons, if it had to undertake the burden of all London's collective concerns, and the example of Liverpool, in forming a special dock board, appears much more worthy of imitation. It would not be difficult to formulate a constitution for such a body, under which both the people of London as a whole, and the special commercial interests involved, could be adequately represented. The spirit of the age, no less than equity and prudence, would demand that at least one representative of the Dockers' Union should sit on the Board, for even under public management disputes about wages would recur. These disputes would, however, no longer take the form of struggles with the capitalist for the lion's share of the plunder of the public, but would be obviously recognised as merely the claims of one set of workers to receive out of the common product of the community's toil, a larger share for their own particular class. Under the management of some such public body as a Dock Trust, neither the ship-owners nor the dockers would get all they would like to get out of the docks, but the common interests of the whole Metropolis would no longer be jeopardised by their struggles, and even the dock shareholder would enjoy the unwonted luxury of a regular though small interest from his Dock Trust Bonds.

A single dock authority would, moreover, be enabled to organise and redistribute its dock labour wherever it might, for the moment, be required, and the demoralising scramble for work at the dock gates might easily be replaced by the formation of a permanent staff of dock workers, as well disciplined and of as high a character as our railway servants.

The benefit to the East End of such a transformation would be simply incalculable, and its realisation ought to form one of the first problems set by public opinion to the new body. What all parties need to learn is that the docks exist for the benefit neither of the shareholders nor of the dockers, but for the sake of all this great province of London. The sooner this position is made clear by a public Dock Trust, the better it will be for the whole community.

THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE AGREEMENT.

THE Anglo-Portuguese Agreement has more in it to please the Old Adam within us than any other of the Conventions by which Lord Salisbury has suddenly won an apostleship in the Religion of Peace. The Anglo-French and the Anglo-Boer agreements were wholly without recompense to ourselves; and even the Anglo-German agreement only gained for us the dubious advantage of protecting and advising the Sultan of Zanzibar, by the somewhat pathetic sacrifice of the most entirely blameless community whom we boasted as brethren. The Anglo-Portuguese Agreement, on the other hand, represents hardly anything save gain. We obtain the unqualified recognition of our position in Matabeleland and Mashonaland—a position which, in the eye of the impartial juriconsult, has hitherto rested mainly on our ability to shell Lisbon. We gain besides the great and presumably rich Barotsi country, north of the Zambesi, and stretching right away north-westward to Lake Nyassa. This is a considerable achievement for our diplomacy. Barotsiland was always claimed by Portugal as part of the *hinterland* of Mozambique; and as lately as 1886 both France and Germany formally recognised the rights of Portugal in the matter, as probably every Continental juriconsult would have done; for it is a mistake on the part of Lord Salisbury to suggest that the *hinterland* doctrine is novel or unsupported by learned authority. It is, at all events, as old as Cervantes. Sancho Panza was familiar with, though no admirer of, it. When the bogus Queen Dorothea offered to carve him a marquise out of her supposed African dominions, he prayed that it might not be in the interior portion of the country, but near to the sea, so that he might the more readily escape, if haply he should disagree with his subjects.

In return for these substantial advantages, Lord Salisbury gives three things, which are of no importance to us, but will be of great advantage to the Portuguese Cabinet in piloting the Convention through the Cortes. Lord Salisbury (at the expense of the Congo State) recognises the right of Portugal to the *hinterland* of Angola in the north-west. He re-admits Portugal to the southern banks of the Zambesi, eastwards from Zambo—thus giving her back something of the country from which, speaking with decks cleared and guns shotted, he provisionally expelled her last December. It is not much, and M. Selous tells us that it is fever-stricken and isolated from Mashonaland; but it is as much as Portugal could really show a title to, and it is enough to satisfy Portuguese pride. Then he waives the British claim to the Manica and Gaza countries, which constitute the *hinterland* of the Portuguese province of Sofala. And, lastly, he gives, as a free gift, the portion of Tongaland south of the line of Marshal MacMahon's award, and north of the strip of land assigned to the Transvaal for the Kosi Bay Railway.

The district in question forms the "home-counties division" of the Tongaland Monarchy. It is there that the Queen Zambili resides, and it is the only

part of Tongaland where she has any authority. Her more immediate partisans nearly all live north of the MacMahon line; and finding that they cannot be united with her under the British flag, she has for some time desired to be united with them under the Portuguese flag. It is satisfactory to find how generally the latest of the partitioning Agreements has been accepted. Even the patentees of the "wasp-waist" phrase are indifferent to the fact that, in this case, it is cut between Tete and the River Ruvo. We may, indeed, expect to hear some grumbling from Mr. Rhodes and Sir Thomas Upington. They will not like the Gaza country being given up, and they may shed a few altruistic tears on behalf of President Krüger, when they realise that his railway line to Kosi Bay will be hemmed in between Portugal on the north, and the new districts of British Zululand on the south. But it is more than doubtful if President Krüger would feel any gratitude for such solicitude on his behalf. There is reason to believe that, in securing a railway route to Kosi Bay, he was only doing what the unfortunate Ministers of other countries have so often to do—playing to his gallery. He is understood to be as fully aware as any of our own engineers or hydrographers that no man out of Bedlam would sink money in constructing a harbour at Kosi Bay.

By formally recognising the right of Portugal to the Manica and Gaza countries, Lord Salisbury has obtained for British Mashonaland an outlet at a part of the Portuguese coast called Pungwé Bay, the Portuguese Government binding itself to extreme moderation in the matter of dues on trade and transit. A railway is to be made to that port by Portugal itself, or the right to do so is to be conceded to an Anglo-Portuguese company. The latter is, of course, the alternative most likely to be realised; but even then it is greatly to be doubted if the railway will come into existence within any measurable distance of time. Of Pungwé itself, all that can be said is that it is the only portion of the Sofala Coast as to which there is not overwhelming evidence that it is totally unfit for maritime commerce. There is of course the negative evidence against it that it has not been heretofore used for such a purpose. Possibly it has only escaped the condemnation of the shippers and surveyors, because its worthlessness appeared too obvious to need recording. Some people are to go there within the next few months and report; and then we shall know whether or not it affords another instance of the extraordinary low level of geographical information with which African affairs are habitually debated and decided.

There is one provision in a matter of detail which should not fail to be noticed with gladness by every friend of arbitration. In the ninth article, it is laid down that if any difference of opinion should arise on the subject matters dealt with therein, "it shall be settled by the arbitration of a jurisconsult of a neutral nationality." The cause of arbitration has hitherto made less headway than it should, because of the profound conviction that no "neutral and friendly Power," who might be called upon to arbitrate, could in reality be quite so neutral and friendly in regard to one side as to the other. Such Power would always have some axe of its own to grind—some old score to wipe off, some national prejudice to defer to. The Foreign Office have struck out a new and far more fruitful idea by substituting, for the neutral and friendly State, the obscure man of learning and probity, with no mentor but his own conscience. We hope that, once introduced into the public law of Europe, he will wholly supersede the Presidents and Monarchs, who have up to now

been allowed to imperil the future of one of the sublimest ideas of our time.

There can be no doubt that in drafting the Anglo-Portuguese Agreement, and offering it to the Portuguese Government, Lord Salisbury has acted in a far different spirit from that in which he launched his *ultimatum* of last winter. We do not positively assert that the agreement could have been brought about without some such action as that of last December. We merely wish to note that the statesman's mood has changed with the changed phase of the situation. Lord Salisbury was only cruel to be kind. He knocked down his little ally, only to pick him up again, and give him some goodies. He may have realised—possibly through the perusal of those very lucubrations which are said to have lost us the Partick Election—that it is not well to alienate for ever an ally whose ports are essential to the mobility of the home divisions of Her Majesty's Fleet.

In taking leave of Lord Salisbury's brilliant series of achievements, we cannot help expressing a lingering fear, which may possibly seem ill-omened and ungracious, that we have all been encouraging, or rather forcing, him to repeat one of the most signal mistakes of eighteenth century statesmanship. We sincerely trust that we have not been laying up a series of "Treaties of Utrecht" and "Treaties of Paris" to vex the souls of our great-grandsons, and imperil the peace of the twenty-first century. There is no topic in history which the superior person more delights in developing than that of the flippant and impure statesman of the eighteenth century, in his night-cap and flower'd dressing-gown, partitioning the world's surface (of which he was almost wholly ignorant) between the sips of his chocolate. Probably the statesman was neither so impure, nor so flippant, nor so ignorant as the superior person leads you to suppose. No doubt, before he drafted his article partitioning the coast of Barrataria, he would have consulted every report and chart in his office, and cross-examined all the skippers and navy captains in London and Greenwich. It is wonderful when you come to question a traveller, how little you can get out of him. Even if he is of the scientific "up-to-date" type, you will find that the particular journals and diaries, which contained the observations necessary to fix the most cardinal points in your agreement, were confided to a carrier who was unhappily eaten by a lion, or disappeared with his load into the bush at an early stage of the return journey.

If our generation has discovered a good deal of geography, it has also forgotten a good deal. All these rivers and lakes of which the agreements treat, may be non-existent, or may be names common to more than one waterway. They may be misspelt, and be on that account applicable to some totally different geographical feature in another part of the country. It is bootless to speak of the principal channel of a river, if it has several channels of about the same capacity, or if its channel has the habit of shifting every three years. We must hope for the best; but a contemplation of the pitfalls which evidently lie in the path of those who will have to interpret the treaty in future ages, should lead us to think with more charity of the unfortunate Sybarite in the flower'd dressing-gown and the night-cap.

IN IMPERIAL ROME.

THERE is a warning, if we know how to take it, in that paragraph about the Punjabis at the India Office, quoted lately from *The Homeward Mail*.

The poor foolish creatures, aggrieved at some decision of an Indian court, crossed "the black water" to England for redress. On touching our hospitable shores, they made straight for the India Office—simple Punjabis!—and at the India Office they were promptly put into the street; the Office, in the person of its most distinguished Bumble, had never heard of such a thing as their intrusion. A milder-mannered member of the same Department chanced to pass as they stood hopeless on the kerbstone, and insisted on taking them in to tell their tale. He probably saved them from a night in gaol. The policeman, especially the policeman in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, will stand no nonsense from wild men, without a tongue in their head. The reflections proper to this occasion seem to be that the beadle at the India Office is probably a person of imagination. He pictures the extent and variety of our Empire, and he feels that you cannot draw the line too soon at personal application for redress. Punjabis to-day, Bengalees perhaps to-morrow, and Black Mountaineers, Burmese Dacoits, and dirty fellows from Sikkim for the rest of the week! There would be no peace in his hutch. It would be like a long procession of entries for an exhibition of loin-cloths. Where is he to put them? Are they all to encamp in his peaceful courtyard, with the risk of a blood feud between the east and west wings? These people must take what is sent to them in their own country, and not disturb the Mother of Nations at home. The Mother of Nations is not quite what she was, and there is that troublesome stiffness in the joints. These are the thoughts of the man in the hutch, and they are the thoughts of every beadle, high and low, in every department of Her Majesty's Service. Bring on the boiled lotos, and "leave us alone."

This thought in beadles is as old as civilisation, at any rate as old as empire. It has always been the thought of Rome, the Rome of the Palatine, or the other one of Constitution Hill. These wild men from the Illyrian highlands, or the German woods, what are they but so many illustrations of the centripetal force of grievance importing headache to a metropolitan centre from the extremities of the world? Lord Salisbury has his men from Illyria, and many of them being of our own kin and speech, they are not so easily managed as the Punjabis. They come from Swazie settlements, from sealing stations near the Behring Sea. Their pockets are stuffed with papers about the Canadian fisheries, or the railway at Delagoa Bay. The danger for him and for them is that he can hardly resist the impulse to show them to the door. They tend to embroil him with the Powers. They are so bewilderingly familiar with their own cases, and we cannot always find a ready excuse to slip away for information to the man in the back room. Their own experiences of audience are just as painful in another way. They are magnates on their own patch of earth, and they are conscious of having dwindled to a real correspondence with the illusions of perspective in receding from it towards our shores. They left amid the fierce shouts of populations determined to stand it no longer. They were most honoured among the most honoured—the Colonial "best." Leading-article writers in the woods prophesied their speedy triumph over Imperial apathy and Imperial circumlocution. Alas! it was something to miss this sense of pre-eminence the moment they stepped on board the steamer, and became the mere occupants of a state room. Steamers are not in the least frightened of Colonial magnates—they carry so many of them nowadays. It was worse at Liverpool—no mayor at the jetty, not a solitary

deputation, nor a flag, nor a gun! Their first squabble with their first cabman brings the whole thing to downright meanness of association. It was to have been Claridge's at the end of the journey; but Claridge's cannot take them in, and has waved them off to the Grand. The Grand is perfectly self-possessed. The very waiter seems to know that they have no case under the Treaties. Is it that, or is the wretch furtively watching them to see if they eat peas with a knife? His manner is distant, suspicious. He waits in a double sense. His idea of the Colonies is embodied, as to scenery and manners, in the drama of *The Green Bushes*, but lately revived.

They open the morning papers. Where is their Colonial grievance that filled the whole page at home? Down in a corner, not a hundred miles away from the wool sales, in an obscure telegram of five lines with half the proper names misspelled. It is the mere needle in the bottle of hay of cricket, racing, Bulgaria, the meeting of the Emperors, and yesterday's murder in Somers Town. As to print and display, Bulgaria has all the honours over them. It is ninety-nine per cent. of M. Stambouloff and the berats, and but a poor one for their boundary question which was to set the Thames in a blaze. Confusion take M. Stambouloff! 'Tis well; but meantime confusion has already overtaken the poor Colonial envoys. The darkness is made visible to them by the effort of well-meaning people to exhibit special knowledge of the case. They go out to dinner, and the hostess, in leading off with Swaziland, plumps it right down in the East Africa Company's sphere. Her neighbour hopes that West Australia will be satisfied at last. The Minister they meet on the morrow reflects this indifference, only in a somewhat better informed way. They have to wait for him on uneasy chairs at the Foreign Office or the Colonial until a dozen dispirited dependencies have been called in before them by the man in black. They come out from him with the feelings of a dropped Bill. There is not the slightest chance for them this session, this year. "We will see after the holidays." They will be lucky if they escape a hint that the Minister would like to swap their pestilent little claims for something in the Red Sea.

Then our poor Illyrian slowly accepts the conclusion that, in Imperial Rome, nobody knows about him, and nobody cares. He shakes the dust off his shoes as he leaves the porch, and makes straight for the Imperial Institute, and shakes his fist. He hurries home meditating proposals of annexation to Switzerland. London looked just as self-possessed when he left as when he came. It is not her fault, it is not his fault; the orb is too vast—that is all. But the feeling with which he returns will help us to understand why the idea of Imperial Federation moves no faster than a travelling glacier, and is nearly as chilling to the bone. One of "our strongest links to the Empire," writes our Melbourne correspondent, "is a feeling for the mother country as 'home.'" What can be the strength of the chain?

DR. DÖLLINGER'S POSTHUMOUS REMAINS.

THE current year has witnessed the death of two men whom an observer from without, wholly discharged from divisional prejudices, might probably pronounce to have been the two most remarkable men of the contemporary Christian Church: Ignatius von Döllinger and John Henry Newman. Two men, both of them great, but very diversely great. To attempt a comparison between them would be to tread upon ashes dangerously hot. Only a very few words may be hazarded. Each of them, in the beautiful language of Charles Lamb,

gave, in intention, "his heart to the Purifier, his will to the Will that governs the universe;" each with the effect of severance from shrines at which he long had worshipped; each, at parting, left behind him the memory of splendid services; and each passed into voluntary and unambitious retirement at once and for ever. The construction of Döllinger's mind was simple, that of Newman's complex. Much more will be written, and will need to be written, about the Cardinal than about the Provost and Professor. The subtle and far-reaching genius, the shadings of whose thought were like the countless ripples of the sea, stands in no invidious rivalry with the companion of whose prodigious learning it might be said, that it was diversified as the Asiatic host of Xerxes, but organised and available as the Three Hundred of Leonidas. To those in Germany and elsewhere who sympathise with him, he will recall Dante's grand indication of Saint Dominic ("Parad." xi. 38):—

"Per sapienza in terra fue
Di cherubica luce uno splendore."

Of each of these great men, however, the life and the unpublished remains (principally perhaps letters in the case of the Cardinal) will be of deep interest. Those of Döllinger must be very rich: and he is first in the field. His "Academical Addresses" are entrusted to the hands of my old friend Mr. Murray, and are ready, in an English version executed by the sister of Dr. Warre, for publication so soon as the autumn season of the bookselling world shall recommence. Like those great artists for whom painting was only a single development of their comprehensive art faculty, Dr. Döllinger's theology was really a branch, although the main branch, of that great tree of knowledge which was rooted in his all-embracing historical faculty. This dominant feature of his intellect will be better understood by means of the "Academical Addresses." It is a work in which he exhibits all the highest and most special qualities of the secular historian. I will only mention two of them.

He composed the Address on "The Jews in Europe" at a time when the anti-Semitic movement raged in Germany, and evidently with the purpose of making it ashamed of itself. He knew, as other men did not, the almost incredible sufferings of that race, which dishonour Europe much as the sufferings of Ireland have dishonoured England; and his historic conscience and sense of justice were offended by the threatened infliction of new injuries.

The work closes with a comprehensive and searching paper, in which he has treated the problems that attach to the case of Madame de Maintenon. In this luminous essay, his judgments on her character are, as a whole, favourable. But I put to him, in conversation, the question whether, taken altogether, her existence had been a good for France; and that he declined to affirm. A special interest is imparted to the paper by the fact that it was probably completed when he had either passed or very closely approached the full term of ninety years.

Another work principally by Dr. Döllinger has made its appearance in Germany since his death. It contains his "Letters and Explanations on the Vatican Decrees."¹ It is edited by Dr. Reusch, one of his learned coadjutors; and it brings down to a late date a chain of occurrences not without interest in the Church history of the time. The Latin Church does not seem to have been insensible of the great gap made in its ranks by the expulsion of this most eminent man. Usually the case of a criminal is stirred by his friends. The ejected Professor, how-

ever, was continually hunted down by uninvited solicitations to submission. These solicitations would seem to have been as warm and respectful, as they were various. But they amounted in plain English simply to this: "Eat your words; throw your convictions behind you; stain your long life with the colour of a lie." On the other side is his reply (p. 113): "When I am told that I must swear to the truth of those doctrines, my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear that two and two make five and not four."

The work edited by Dr. Reusch throws some light upon a question which has excited a curiosity, hitherto unsatisfied, in the world at large: a curiosity, namely, to know what was the relation between this great theologian and the Old Catholic communion. On October 18, 1874 (p. 104), he writes² to a parish priest who had consulted him: "As concerns myself, thus far I count myself by conviction in the Old Catholic communion, [that] I believe it has a higher mission to fulfil, and that in three ways," which are: (1) To testify on behalf of the ancient doctrine of the Church; (2) to bring about by degrees the exhibition of a Church more conformable (than now) to the old and undivided Church; (3) as an instrument, to prepare and promote the reunion of Christendom. He advises this priest to follow his convictions, and not to be intimidated by reproaches concerning unity and implicit obedience.

The invitations addressed to him proceeded from three sources, which may fairly be arranged according to the three degrees of comparison. First, and to represent the positive, comes a lady of high station, who (February 15 and 28, 1880) affectionately urges him, out of "an unspeakable compassion," and for the avoidance of a terrible eternity, which unquestionably awaits him, to be converted. It did not even occur to this excellent woman that strong conviction of a matter of fact, founded on scores of years spent in the special study of it, makes it difficult to contradict upon oath. Then come letters, highly honourable to their writers, from Bishop Hefele and the Archbishop of Munich, which convey a similar injunction. Of these letters it may be said, as was said of the rack in England as applied on a certain occasion, that it was used with all the tenderness which the nature of the instrument would allow. They begin in 1878, and the latest is dated in 1886. Finally, in October, 1887, the Nuncio at Munich officially entreats him to impart to the Pope (p. 146) what would be the crown of his joys for his approaching jubilee, and to bring about another great festival among the countless learned men and friends who have derived from him their knowledge.

The replies of Dr. Döllinger are given in various parts of the work; and they all remain without rejoinder. The Archbishop of Munich expressly excuses himself (p. 144) from making an answer. Nor could he do otherwise; because the refusal of a hearing, though contrary, as Döllinger contends (p. 138), to the practice observed even by the Council of Constance with Huss and Jerome, was an essential part of the proceeding against him. It cannot be doubted that the contents of this volume will be presented to us in an English translation. On one of the points raised by the Professor an answer in some form and from some quarter will be awaited by the public with curiosity. He points out (p. 130) to his Archbishop that his body was concerned, no less than his soul, in the excommunication launched against him (p. 100), "with all the consequences canonically attached to it." The Professor, in order to be sure

¹ "Briefe und Erklärungen von I. von Döllinger über die Vaticanischen Decrete, 1869—1887." München, 1890.

² The German words are: "Was mich betrifft, so rechne ich mich aus Ueberzeugung zur altcatholischen Gemeinschaft, ich glaube, dass sie, u.s.w."

what they are, betakes himself to the Canon Law; to that law, be it observed, which we have lately been told is actually in force in Malta. As a part of it, Dr. Döllinger quotes a Decretal of Pope Urban II. (p. 131), which has been incorporated in the general compendium of law used in the Latin Church. The Decretal declares that those who put to death excommunicated persons are to render a measure of satisfaction (*modum congrue satisfactionis*) suitable to what their intention may have been. "For we do not count them to be homicides, to whom it may have happened, through their burning zeal for mother Church against the excommunicated, to put any of these to death."

W. E. GLADSTONE.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS OF VACCINATION.

THAT one attack of a certain disease confers upon the individual immunity from a second attack of the same disease has long been observed. From remote times many Eastern nations have had recourse to inoculation for small-pox, because of its being noticed that the specific contagion of this dreaded malady, so virulent when it enters the body by breathing an infected atmosphere, becomes robbed of much of its power when introduced into the system by puncturing the skin.

Singularly enough, the practice of inoculation was unknown in England until Lady Mary Wortley Montagu awakened public curiosity in 1717 by successfully submitting two of her children to the operation. So quickly did the treatment then spread, that in 1722, after seven condemned criminals had been successfully inoculated, it was thought safe similarly to treat two children of the Royal Family. The practice of inoculation, however, never became general either in this country or elsewhere, and for a very good reason. For although it undoubtedly benefited the individual undergoing the operation, the rest of mankind suffered, inasmuch as each inoculated person became a focus of infection, so that the London bills of mortality showed that more people died of small-pox after than was the case before the introduction of the practice! Thus, as Sir John Simon says, "medicine was baffled and helpless, and for after-times, for millions of our race dreaded the raging of that pitiless plague." A more dreary picture could hardly have saddened mankind. That this dread is no longer felt is, as we all know, due to the genius of an English country surgeon. The early history of Jennerian vaccination is one full of interest.

The tradition of the immunity from small-pox enjoyed by the Gloucester dairy folk did not stand alone, for in Holstein the same fact had been noticed, and children there inoculated from the cow were found to be proof against the contagion during an outbreak of the disease.

But Jenner's claim to be the discoverer of the method is not thereby weakened, for it is to him, and to him alone, that we owe the scientific proof that an immunity, if not absolute, yet of such a nature as to amount to a practical immunity, is conferred on properly vaccinated persons. The experience of a century has confirmed this opinion. While the death-rate from small-pox was formerly 100, it does not now reach four or five. About this there can be no manner of doubt, and to no sufficient cause other than that of vaccination can this changed condition of things apparently be ascribed. Whether other means, such as complete isolation, can be relied on in place of vaccination, how far injurious effects result therefrom, and, if so, how they are to be avoided; whether the Vaccination Acts are or are not just, or capable of improvement: these are questions which are now under the consideration of a Royal Commission, and until that Commission has reported they need not be discussed. Nor is it my purpose here

to inquire whether immunity is or is not granted for life by infant vaccination, or what is the exact proportion of cases in which the treatment has not been successful. For even if a single vaccination protects the infant only until the child attains the age of ten or twelve years, the case is proved. And the question then presents itself, How comes it that a few drops of lymph, which when introduced under the skin produces, in normal conditions, only a slight disturbance of the ordinary healthy system, should nevertheless possess the power of effecting such a change in the individual as to prevent it from becoming, when exposed to its action, infected with a disease of the most contagious and virulent kind? Up to recent times the immunity—the truth of which even the most advanced anti-vaccinationist must admit, if indeed capable of giving an opinion on the subject at all—has been a unique as well as an unexplained fact in medical science. Thanks, however, to the researches of Pasteur and others, this is no longer the case. Jennerian vaccination is now only one, though the first, of a series of instances in which the introduction of the virus or poison of a disease into the animal body protects that animal from an attack of the disease if subsequently exposed to the influence of the poison. The malady amongst fowls called chicken-cholera was the first in which the possibility was proved of so attenuating or weakening the virus that it might with safety be introduced by subcutaneous injection into the system of the healthy fowl. The bird thus treated becomes protected against infection, and now thousands of fowls in France are thus inoculated, with the result that the death-rate from this disease has been reduced from ten to less than one per cent. Next Pasteur attacks the dreaded splenic fever, a disease to which millions of cattle have succumbed, and for which fatal malady no cure had been found. Here, again, by modifying the energy of the virus, he succeeded in establishing a method of prevention, which is proverbially better than cure; so that now many hundreds of thousands of beasts are annually rendered exempt from danger by a simple process of inoculation. And last, but greatest of all, Pasteur has given to suffering humanity one of the most welcome of all possible boons—that of protection against the fearful disease of hydrophobia. Now, so far as we can tell, all these maladies are caused by the presence of some minute organism. In some cases this organism, as in that of splenic fever, has been detected and isolated, and can be cultivated as a farmer cultivates his crops, by carefully removing weeds and foreign growths, and this pure cultivation introduced into the system produces the special disease. But in other cases, as in that of hydrophobia, the actual organism has not yet been obtained, although the seat of the disease has been discovered. And yet in both sets of cases it is possible so to weaken the poison that whilst it does not act fatally when injected, it yet preserves the animal from subsequent attack. This is the beginning of the new era of preventive medicine, for bacteriological research not only points to the causes of these diseases, of which the origin has been unknown, but succeeds in suggesting a mode of preventing diseases whose cure or attempted cure has hitherto been purely empirical. This being so, the next question which naturally suggests itself is, Can we explain this marvellous change which a few microscopic organisms, or the poison which they secrete, produces; a change so deep-seated that its effect remains even when every particle of the material composing the body at the time of the inoculation has been swept away and replaced by new? But still further marvels unfold themselves as we read this wonderful tale. All animals are not susceptible to every disease—what is one creature's food is another's poison. Why is this? Here we enter on the region of discussion and of doubt, and the scientific imagination has full scope for running riot. Some suggest that

our friends the phagocytes, which in the unprotected organism fail to withstand the attacking host of disease-engendering microbes, are so stimulated by the introduction of the attenuated virus of the protective inoculation that for ever after they do not lose sight of the enemy when it appears, and assume an activity which, handed down from generation to generation, is such that in the ensuing combat they always get the upper hand.

Other equally competent authorities would rather compare this preventive action to the well-known power which the body possesses of gradually accustoming itself to conditions which, if suddenly brought about, act fatally. We all know the story of De Quincey and his decanter of laudanum, and that of the arsenic-eaters of Styria. In such cases the whole interior surface of the body is probably in some way changed, so that the poison ceases to act as such. In the case of the preventive inoculation, it is true, this change is more permanent than in that of the non-action of the drug, but the difference is one of degree and not one of kind. Whether either of these explanations will turn out to be correct, or whether some more satisfactory one is found, must be left for time to show. We must content ourselves for the present with the knowledge we have gained, that Jenner's vaccination was the first step in the direction of true preventive medicine, and that now, after a century of quiescence, we are taking up the path which he opened out, and that this path has already led us into new fields of wonderful fertility. It is well, too, that we should remember that the tradition of the Gloucestershire dairy folk, leading up to the foundation of preventive medicine, is only a sample of the method by which science progresses. When Oerstedt saw the magnetic needle deflected by a wire carrying an electric current, he little dreamed of the electric telegraph. When Liebig discovered chloroform, he had no idea that the sweet-smelling oil, of which he got a few drops, would become one of the greatest blessings ever vouchsafed to suffering humanity. So, too, when Pasteur first investigated the motes dancing in the sunbeam he little thought that this investigation would lead to the discovery, not only of the causes of epidemic disease, but of the means of their prevention. But thus it is in scientific matters. The investigation begun and carried out with no view to useful application, but out of a pure love of unravelling Nature's secrets, oftentimes turns out to be the spring and source of untold benefits. Surely such thoughts as these are the best incentives for the encouragement of pure scientific research, upon which the well-being of the nations so immediately depends.

H. E. ROSCOE.

LEFT IN TOWN.

WHEN "everyone is out of town," and nine houses in ten in Belgravia and South Kensington are actually closed or left only to the tender mercies of the caretaker, the acute observer may discover here and there a habitation which is not so completely deserted as it seems to be. There is one room, perhaps, where the blinds are not drawn. A light still burns above the hall door of an evening, and some time during the forenoon the melancholy figure of a man may be seen emerging almost stealthily from the desolate dwelling, and making rapidly for the nearest cab-stand. This is the modern martyr of society, the head of the house who must remain in town even in the hot weeks of August, whilst wife and children are abroad, or at the seaside, or enjoying the breezes of the Yorkshire moorlands.

Perhaps he is writing a book which must be finished for the autumn publishing season; perhaps he is one of the victims of the Daily Press who must hold the helm whilst others are making holiday; or it may be that he is merely a member of some

business house who is compelled to stand in the gap whilst his partners are enjoying themselves; for in this country business goes on for ever. Whatever may be his special case, however, he is a well-known figure in London in August and September. *Punch* depicted him for us the other day at his worst; and, indeed, his miseries are very real. His house is in the hands of an elderly female who cannot cook, and of a man-servant who (the moment his master's back is turned) retires into private life and a shooting-jacket. Most of the rooms are being painted or papered, or otherwise maltreated. It is but a corner of the big house that the unfortunate owner has for himself—a back sitting-room and his bed-room perchance, and even these he can only call his own from say 10 p.m. until 9.30 a.m. His club is empty, "gone are the old familiar faces;" nay, worse, the club may be closed and he may be compelled to fall back upon the cold hospitalities of that "Junior" establishment which he loathes with all his heart. His favourite preacher is out of town like the rest of the world; there are no new books coming from the Press to lighten the tedium of the long evenings; when once his day's work is done he literally does not know how to spend his time, and is glad to get back to his empty house and to retire to his lonely bed-room.

Yet are there compensations for the man left in town which sometimes seem to him to balance the account of loss and gain. It is something, for instance, that one has no longer to look forward to that long succession of dinner parties which weighed upon the soul in June. A suit of light-coloured tweed and a white hat—it may even be a "chum"—are no longer forbidden; one is never called upon to dress of a night in order to march through a suite of drawing-rooms in Berkeley Square or Queen's Gate; so long as one's club remains open it is always possible to secure that favourite table at the window overlooking the gardens; there is no need to scramble for an omnibus or to look vainly for a hansom; the fever of life, even in London, seems suddenly to have undergone a perceptible diminution. For a few weeks, at all events, we find ourselves at leisure even in Piccadilly and Pall Mall.

The sensation is not only novel but delightful; but in no respect is it more delightful than in the extent to which it enables the busy Londoner to indulge in those pleasures of memory which in ordinary times are almost denied to him. If he "feels like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted," he has at least the company of his own thoughts—a luxury he is not permitted to enjoy in May or June. And one's thoughts in London may be just as full of sentiment and tenderness as they can be amid the Alps or the Fiords. "Ah," says the Londoner left in town, as he strolls along the familiar street to the aspect of which in ordinary times he never gives a thought, "there is the house where I slept that first night in the great city—that night when I could not sleep for very joy at the thought that at last I was in London, on the very spot of which I had heard and dreamt so long." And straightway he finds the ghost of his dead youth walking beside him in the road. He has been far too busy for months past to give a thought to the boy who came here thirty years ago, with his mother's kiss upon his lips, his father's blessing on his head, to begin the battle of life. But now it all comes back to him in a moment, and he realises with a mingled sense of pain and joy how narrow and yet how impassable is the gulf which separates him from the boy who lived high up in yonder dingy house and dreamed dreams—some of which long ago became realities.

In the wildest of those dreams he never saw himself as he is to-day; never dreamt that he would himself be the owner of one of those big houses on which thirty years ago he looked with wondering eyes, that servants and carriages would be at his command, and that some day he would walk along this very thoroughfare once trodden by the boy's

eager feet—prosperous, famous perhaps, but grey and bent, familiar with the flavour of every drop in the cup of life, and yet looking back to his boyhood with a great sense of envy in his heart. Surely it is good for the hardened man of the world to be brought suddenly face to face with those days that are no more, when life, if poorer in all other things, was a thousand times richer in hope and promise than it is to-day.

"Over there I said good-bye to Tom when he started for Australia. How I nearly broke my heart when he went, and vowed I could never have another friend such as he had been. Poor Tom! He's back again without having made his fortune. How is it I never see him nowadays? Why, it must be twelve months since I passed him in Cheapside, and was in too great a hurry to stop and speak. He looked pale and older than I do myself. I wonder if he is doing any better. By Jove! I'll drop him a line and get him to dine with me at Richmond some day next week. It will be like old times to have a chat with him again."

Here is Knightsbridge. Between the two great houses at Albert Gate the Park looks delightfully green and inviting, and we turn into it almost unconsciously. Another spot sacred to the memories of boyhood? Yes; there is the very bench on which he sat on that first morning of his London life, and listened in amazement to the never-ceasing roar of the City beyond the gates, and marvelled if he could ever feel himself at home in such a place, and, by-and-by, found his sight growing dim and a lump in his throat as he remembered that yesterday at this time he was saying "good-bye" to them all at home.

He has dropped into the selfsame seat now (I doubt if he has sat in it once during these thirty years). His eyes are on the ground, and he is thinking, thinking—as he never had time to do when all the world was in town. What is the thought that brings that shade over his blanched London features and causes the frown upon his bent brows? He has reached another stage in his life—closely associated with those boyish days, and yet more beautiful, more holy:—

"A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face, looked fondly up—"

Across the long train of years he sees again the face that once was all his own—his very own—and ponders with a strange kind of awe and wonder upon the fact that only the angels have looked upon it now for more than a quarter of a century.

* * * * *

Out of the park again and into the street. It is the same street that he trod yesterday, and yet not the same. The figures which throng around him are not the chance passers of to-day, but the friends and companions of long ago. He is young again, with the battle of life still before him; the comrades of his youth, ardent and true, are by his side, and in his heart those dreams some of which came true so long ago, but some of which were never realised—because, alas! he ceased to cherish them, and set up in their place other visions more "practical" perhaps, but not so near to heaven. He is young again, and the street is not the street that he trod yesterday. Or is it only that in the leisure and loneliness of his August in London the eyes which have been blind so long have for a moment found time to see?

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

VI.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A NEW work from his pen is always a delightful event. It may be a failure, but he is one of that rare few whose failures are only less interesting than their successes. In this one respect, at least, his work resembles Mr. Hardy's, or (to take an instance from among our painters) Mr. John Sargent's.

You may demur, but at the same time you recognise that the man has been striving after something, that upon the temptation to score a cheap triumph by repeating previous successes he has resolutely turned his back, preferring his own inward monitor to the loud chorus of critics, and choosing to step forward, though the way lead from safe light into semi-obscurity.

To praise this is merely to say that an artist should discover for himself the limits of his genius. But the praise is higher in the three cases mentioned, because Mr. Hardy, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Stevenson would each have been noteworthy, even had he stood still; for the earliest work of each bore the mark of personal distinction. To take Mr. Stevenson, with whom we are at present concerned, we should have been thankful enough for a series of tales like "Will of the Mill," had he not insisted on leading us up to "The Master of Ballantrae," just as critics would have gone on praising the "Lettres de mon Moulin" had not M. Daudet taken his own course, and given them "Numa Roumestan" to admire more fervently. For "Will of the Mill," brief fable as it is, has this main merit among others—that only Mr. Stevenson could have written it; it has distinction, in fact. There are some thousands of Her Majesty's lieges engaged at the present moment in writing Her Majesty's English (after their lights), with eyes full of hope. A hundred or so have reasonable ground for confidence. Their books sell; they are laborious, in their fashion, and cover sheet after sheet of foolscap with deadly facility; their grammar is exact; they have reputations. Their misfortune is to lack distinction. They "take," as Zola puts it, "the style that is in the air," using to express their thoughts phrases which are but the counters of the market-place, worn smooth by other men's fingers. If colloquial, they are not as Thackeray, but slipshod; if they shun colloquialisms, they fall among literary conventions yet more dire, spinning "next day" into "the day succeeding the events detailed in the last chapter." They are colourless, yet not classical; without eccentricity, yet provincial. There is no need to give instances, for the world is full of them.

If we open a volume of Stevenson at random, we see the difference. We have this moment done so, and in the middle of a small essay, written long ago, and called "Pan's Pipes," an example comes to the eye:—

"The coarse mirth of herdsmen, shaking the dells with laughter, and striking out high echoes from the rock; the tune of moving feet in the lamplit city, or on the smooth ball-room floor; the hooves of many horses, beating the wide pastures in alarm; the song of hurrying rivers; the colour of clear skies; and smiles and the live touch of hands; and the voice of things, and their significant look, and the renovating influence they breathe forth—these are Pan's joyful measures, to which the whole earth treads in choral harmony."

The passage is, perhaps, too thick with adjectives; but their aptness and colour are not to be denied. The wine may be a trifle too fruity; but wine it is, and not small-beer. Let us see what it becomes when mellowed, opening for our purpose "The Master of Ballantrae," also at hazard:—

"It was late in March, or early in April, 1764. I had slept heavily, and wakened with a premonition of some evil to befall. So strong was this upon my spirit, that I hurried downstairs in my shirt and breeches, and my hand (I remember) shook upon the rail. It was a cold sunny morning, with a thick white frost; the blackbirds sang exceeding sweet and loud about the house of Durrissdeer, and there was a noise of the sea in all the chambers. As I came by the doors of the hall, another sound arrested me—of voices talking. I drew nearer, and stood like a man dreaming."

"There was a noise of the sea in all the chambers"—the sentence is sober beyond Mr. Stevenson's wont, but it gives the picture in a flash. It is what they call "clean" painting, the direct and decisive handling of a master, acquired with pains, but showing none. Its excellence becomes patent as soon as we begin to count the number of living men who could have written so.

As a rule, critics have found some lack of sobriety in our author's language. Some (too brutal) have